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The Mercury

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Established June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

NO-ROAD EXPERT

A special meeting of the representative council was held on Monday evening for the purpose of reconsidering the action taken at the previous meeting, in order to employ the services of an expert road engineer for the new Broadway pavements. The attempt was unsuccessful, being beaten by a decisive vote.

Councilman Sheffield explained the purpose of the meeting, and set forth the importance of securing the services of an expert to lay out and supervise the construction of the new pavement. Broadway offers serious difficulties because of wet clay subsoil and draining conditions. The ordinance as presented called for the board of aldermen to secure the services of an expert road engineer for a sum not to exceed \$7,500, this amount to be paid from the proceeds from the sale of the bonds.

Councilman Martin moved to amend the second section by calling upon the public service corporations to bear their portion of the expense. There was considerable argument upon this as well as upon the main question, but the amendment was finally defeated. Many members spoke both for and against the employment of an expert, and at times the debate became rather heated continuing for considerably more than an hour. When a ballot on the main question was finally taken, the proposition was finally lost by a vote of 55 to 75.

A resolution was taken up, rescinding from the vote at the last meeting which provided that gutters and curb should be in the main contract for construction. A motion to lay on the table was lost on a roll call, and the resolution was then passed.

Many Newport people drove over to Little Compton last Sunday morning to see the remains of a big fire that for a time threatened to wipe out the compact part of the town. A large amount of property, belonging to Arthur G. Wilbur, president of the Town Council, was destroyed. Help was requested from Newport, but because of lack of water supply the Newport apparatus was not sent. The neighboring town responded with their chemical engines and did effective work.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Barley on Kay street was entered by an intruder during their brief absence last Sunday evening. The place was thoroughly ransacked and some articles of considerable value were taken.

Three men who were acting in a somewhat suspicious manner in an automobile last Monday morning were examined by the police and one of them was found to have a revolver. He was fined and the others were allowed to go.

Heavy mortar practice at Fort Adams during the past week has caused considerable concussion in Newport, but it has not been felt as severely as in some previous years when the wind has been in a different direction.

A drive to raise \$5000 for the local Boy Scouts will be inaugurated during the week of June 4th. This amount is essential to carrying on the work of the Scout Council for the next year.

Brenton's Reef Lightship will leave her anchorage within a short time for much needed repairs. She will be replaced by a relief ship.

COMMANDERY INSPECTION

The annual inspection of Washington Commandery was held Wednesday evening, with a large attendance of members and visitors. An excellent turkey dinner was served in the large hall at 6.30, the members of the Commandery Drill Corps acting as waiters.

The inspection that followed was one of the finest ever held by Washington Commandery and the Inspector Instructor gave a very high mark. There were many distinguished visitors present, including James S. Blake, Grand Commander; James A. Gunn, Jr., Division Commander and Inspector Officer; Past Grand Commander Frederick A. Dana, Inspector-Instructor; Past Grand Commander Henry C. Dexter, Deputy Grand Commander Charles R. Hunt, Grand Generalissimo Asa C. Jewett, Grand Junior Warden Norris G. Abbott, Grand Sword Bearer Charles F. White, and many active and Past Commanders as well as other officers of Commanderies in the jurisdiction.

KILLED AT ISLAND PARK

Mr. James H. Miller of this city, a salesman for the Tilden-Thurber Company of Providence, struck two men at Island Park last Saturday evening while returning to Newport in his Ford coupe. The men were walking beside the road and were not seen by the driver in time to avoid striking them. Both were taken to the office of Dr. Storrs and were then hurried to the Union hospital in Fall River, where John McGraw died within a short time. His companion was not seriously injured. Both men lived in Fall River.

It is a question as to how much blame rests upon the driver of the automobile. The Portsmouth authorities have conducted an investigation, but thus far have taken no action. The Island Park neighborhood is recognized as a very dangerous one for pedestrians. Many people are constantly walking in the road while automobiles are flying through there, in both directions.

DIED FROM GAS

Daniel L. Crowther, a world war veteran and machinist at the Torpedo Station, was found dead in bed early Monday morning, death being due to illuminating gas from an open jet in his room. He made his home with his father at No. 4 Warner place. The latter detected the odor of gas Monday morning and found his son unconscious in bed. Dr. William A. Sherman was called and said that life had been extinct for some time.

Mr. Crowther was unmarried. He is survived by three brothers, Messrs. William E., Philip H. and Walter J. Crowther, and two sisters, Mrs. Margaret Wallace and Mrs. Sarah MacDonald.

In the Superior Court on Monday Judge Sumner granted a temporary injunction in the equity case of Henry I. Chase vs. Frederick W. Smythe. This case concerned the right of access to the shore of the Bay in Middletown. A temporary order restraining the respondent from interfering with the plaintiff had been in effect and as the case could not be tried on its merits at this time because of the absence of a material witness, the temporary injunction was granted.

Mr. Augustus M. Bailey, formerly of Newport, died at his home in Hope Valley on Thursday. He was a brother of Commander William S. Bailey of this city, and also leaves a sister who resides in California. He was formerly engaged in business as a carpenter, but moved to Hope Valley more than twenty years ago. He had been a frequent visitor to Newport.

Mr. James A. Ray, the first colored man to be appointed to the permanent police force of Newport, died on Tuesday at his home on William street after a long illness. He had several years faithful service on the force before his retirement because of failing health in August, 1920. He is survived by a widow and five children.

The flagship Rochester, headquarters for the destroyer squadron, has arrived in Narragansett Bay this week and will remain here for some weeks. Rear Admiral Sumner E. W. Kittell is in command.

The Navy department will cooperate with the city of Newport to the fullest extent to facilitate the use of the naval property on Codding Point as an air station for commercial flying.

NEWPORTERS INJURED

Mr. Deloss H. Scott and Mr. John T. Delano, Jr., of this city, were badly injured in an automobile accident on the Fall River-New Bedford road Monday evening, and were both taken to St. Luke's Hospital in New Bedford for treatment. Mr. Scott was able to return to his home here on Tuesday, but Mr. Delano was kept at the Hospital for further treatment.

The two men had been down on the Cape and were on their way back to Newport in Mr. Scott's Ford roadster. After passing Lincoln Park a heavy truck crashed into them, knocking their car into kindling and hurling both men to the ground. They were picked up and hurried to the Hospital in New Bedford, where it was found that no bones were broken, but there were fears of internal injuries.

Mr. Scott is still under medical care at his home on Bay View avenue, and it will probably be some days before Mr. Delano is able to return to Newport. Their car was a total loss.

VAN RENSSLAER LODGE OF PERFECTION

The annual meeting of Van Rensselaer Lodge of Perfection was held on Tuesday evening, being preceded by an excellent dinner at the Canton Restaurant. Ill. George Holmes, Deputy for Rhode Island, was present to install the officers, assisted by Grand Sword Bearer Truman Beckwith. The new officers of the Lodge are as follows:

Thrice Potent Master—Alvah H. Sanborn.
Deputy Master—T. Jefferson Biesel.
Senior Warden—Benjamin F. Downing, 3d.

Junior Warden—Chester Staats.
Orator—William A. Perkins.
Treasurer—Karl Bostel.
Secretary—Alexander J. MacIver.
Master of Ceremonies—Dudley E. Campbell.

Hospitalier—W. Douglas Hazard.
Captain of the Guard—Herbert P. Harrison.
Tyler—John F. Titus.

Following the installation, the retiring Master, Donald E. Spears, was presented with a handsome jewel emblematic of his rank.

DAVID F. SHERWOOD

David F. Sherwood, who died in Providence on Monday, was a man well known in Newport, as well as all over the state. He was a prominent fraternity man, and had held many places of trust in the city of Providence, where he had been a resident and prominent business man for many years. He had been a member of the General Assembly and of the city council of Providence. He had been the head of the New England Order of Protection, and he was also prominent in all the Masonic organizations and the Odd Fellows. He was a man much esteemed by all who knew him. He was a native of New Brunswick, but came to Providence many years ago. His son, Herbert M. Sherwood, is a prominent lawyer in that city, and was a member of the state senate last year.

The campaign for renewal of memberships in the Newport Chamber of Commerce will begin next Monday. Teams have been appointed to solicit renewals among the present members as well as to seek for new ones. Next Monday evening, the annual dinner will be held at the Y. M. C. A., which members and ladies will attend. Some excellent addresses are expected.

Kolah Grotto Patrol will give a dance at the Beach on the evening of Monday, May 28, for the purpose of raising funds for the trip to Cleveland. Kolah Patrol, which now holds the championship of New England, will be the only representative from this section to compete in Cleveland.

The case of State vs. Manuel L. Cordova, Jr., charged with manslaughter will come up for hearing next Tuesday in the District Court. It is said that no defense will be offered in the lower court, pending the action of the grand jury.

Kolah Grotto is making arrangements for its annual field day to be held at the grounds of the Newport County Fair on July 18. Many novel and entertaining features are promised.

In 1895 there were only 300 motor cars in this country. In 1922 there were 12,239,114, and the number is increasing at the rate of over two millions a year.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

At the monthly meeting of the School Committee held on Monday evening, it was voted to request the board of health to change the hour for medical examination at the City Hall, because of the inconvenience of the present hour, 1.00 o'clock. It was also voted to request the board of aldermen to erect gates or shut-offs in the Rogers High School, in order to prevent access to various parts of the building on occasions of public gatherings.

Some matters of discipline at the Rogers were referred to the standing committee. It was voted to request the City Treasurer to pay the \$5000 appropriated for athletics directly into the treasury of the Athletic Association.

Superintendent Lull's report contained the following items:

Total enrollment 4,654, average number belonging 4,227.2, average daily attendance 3,963.7, per cent of attendance 93.7, cases of tardiness 186; cases of dismissal before the end of a session 73. This total (4,654) is 77 more than all last year (4,577). The enrollment in the Rogers is 1,000, or 68 more than all last year (932). Of the 186 cases of tardiness, 103 are due to the pupils below the Rogers and only 77 to the Rogers. It is a great pleasure to record the very satisfactory reduction in tardiness in the Rogers. From 292 last month to 77 is a record that is a credit to both teachers and pupils. This decrease in tardiness has not caused a lower attendance, for the per cent this month is higher than last.

Absences—64 sessions by 18 teachers, 3 sessions by 2 assistants.

Tardiness—6 sessions by 4 teachers, 0 sessions by 0 assistants.

Permits—Total number issued and used, 765. They were distributed as follows: Kindergarten, 305; grade 1, 154; grades II-IX, 194; Rogers, 112.

Board of Health

Since the last meeting on April 9, three cases of diphtheria and one case of scarlet fever have been reported, and 16 other children have been excluded.

Grade IX

In accordance with the plan of the last two years, six members of the Senior Class in the Rogers, after due preparation in their regular work in English, were sent to grade IX of the Clarke and Mumford, and two Jamestown pupils to the grade in that town. From their own experience, they told the pupils of this grade why they should go to Rogers next September. The speakers were Margaret Drinkwater and George Eddy to Clarke, Gertrude Zeldman and Charles Carr to Mumford, Dorothy Hineley and Hazel Gage to Jamestown.

War Orphans

The Clarke, Poller, Thayer and Carver-Cranston have made provision through outside agencies for continuing their support of war orphans during the present year.

School Census

The census was taken by Hugh N. Gifford (southern half) and Gardiner S. Perry (northern half). All those 4 years old to 20 years (both ages included), must be recorded with this information: Name, residence, name of parent or guardian, age, sex, grade of school, attendance (in weeks), physical or mental condition, if capable of attendance, and ability to speak, read and write English. The result follows:

Number enumerated, boys 3780, girls 3677, total 7457.

Attendance public schools, boys 2224, girls 2197, total 4421.

Attendance parochial schools, boys 579, girls 574, total 1153.

Attendance other schools, boys 112, girls 124, total 236.

Attendance evening schools, boys 6, girls 0, total 6.

Not attending school, boys 874, girls 780, total 1654.

Mentally or physically deficient, boys 3, girls 1, total 4.

Illiterates attending school, total 0.

Illiterates not attending school, total 0.

Attending elementary schools, boys 2422, girls 2352, total 4774.

Attending high school, boys 431, girls 601, total 1032.

Attending higher institutions, boys 56, girls 42, total 98.

Of the 1654 non-attending, 1589 were either below or above school age. The remainder (65) have been interviewed by the truant officer, who reports that 2 are under 7, 19 are now attending, 11 are incapacitated by illness, 23 are working under certificate, one is not vaccinated, one is 16 years old, 3 have recently moved into the city and are now attending, 3 have moved from the city, 1 cannot be found, 1 has private tuition, total 65.

Until last year the appropriation of state funds was based in part on this census—that is, on those 5 to 15 years of age (both ages included). Last year this number was 5362; this year 5249. Now the towns receive \$1.50 "per capita of average attendance in the preceding school year." This average for Newport was 3921.9 and therefore the city should receive \$5832 this year versus \$5268 last.

It may be of interest to state that one family has 11 children of census age, and another has two sets of twins.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated: (reported by teachers), 167; number of cases of truancy (public 21, parochial 4), 25; number out for illness and

other causes, 132; number of different children truant, 24; number found not attending school, 7; number sent to public schools, 2; number sent to parochial schools 5; number of certificates issued, 11.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)
Town Council

The monthly meeting of the town council and probate court was held at the town hall on Monday afternoon, with all the members present.

In the town council the petition of James E. Sullivan for a license to peddle fruit and vegetables was granted. Fee, \$5.

The Bardsley-Riley Electric Co. was granted permission to lay pipes across Union street to the Vanderbilt property.

The petition of Harry Tolchinsky for a license to peddle fruit, vegetables, meat and groceries was refused.

The petitions of Hannah Lefleur, for a victualler's license at Hummocks Point Beach, and of Patrick J. Austin, Harry Lucas, Sarah A. Gray, William Southwick, James Hays, Elizabeth Lowden, David Gramovsky, and Charles E. Boyd for victualliers each, \$5.

The Postal Telegraph and Cable Company was given permission to trim trees which interfere with its wires, with the consent of the abutting owners, the work to be done under the direction of the highway surveyors.

The clerk was instructed to correspond with the State Board of Public Roads in regard to filling in between the street railway tracks.

Henry C. Anthony, Jr., was appointed police constable and Benjamin W. H. Peckham was appointed traffic officer.

A number of bills was received, allowed and ordered paid.

In the probate court the first and final account of George R. Hicks, administrator of the estate of Frederick U. Talman, was examined.

The petition of Annie L. Hall, guardian of Marjorie A. Hall, for permission to sell the ward's interest in certain real estate, was referred to June 11.

The first and final account of George R. Hicks, administrator de bonis non, of the estate of Letitia T. Freeborn, was allowed and ordered recorded, and the balance of \$1770 ordered distributed among the heirs at law.

The will of Joseph M. Silvia was proved, allowed and ordered recorded, and letters testamentary were ordered issued to Mary L. Silvia. Bond \$3000. George R. Hicks was appointed appraiser.

About twenty-five members of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, L. O. O. F., went to Little Compton on Monday evening, where they were the guests of Social Rebekah Lodge, No. 11, L. O. O. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene E. Hoyer of Newport are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son on May 10th, at the Newport Hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Hoyer were formerly residents of this town. Mrs. Hoyer is the daughter of Mrs. Hortense Pearce.

Miss Kate L. Duffee is spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Remington of Providence.

News has been received by Mr. and Mrs. William H. Chase, Jr., of the birth of a son to Rev. and Mrs. Henry Chase in Morristown, Ind. Rev. Mr. Chase is son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Chase, Jr.

The new dance pavilion was opened at Island Park on Monday evening. The painters, carpenters and decorators had been hard at work to make the place as attractive as possible, and the lighting effects are the latest thing in electrical fixtures.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Barclay of Newport are the happy parents of a son, born on May 10th. Mr. and Mrs. Barclay were formerly residents of this town. Mrs. Barclay being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Holman.

Mr. John Francis Willard, who died suddenly in Apponaug, R. I., from a shock, was buried at St. Mary's churchyard on Monday afternoon. Rev. James P. Conover officiated. He is survived by a widow, who was Miss Matzie Chase, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Chase, Sr., and two children, Maizie and John F. Willard, Jr.

News has been received of the sudden death of Mr. Thomas Manchester in New York. Mr. Manchester, who was the son of Mr. Otis Manchester, was employed on a fishing steamer. When the fish net was cast overboard on Monday, Mr. Manchester became entangled in it and sank. The net was raised as soon as possible, but Mr. Manchester was found to have been drowned. He is survived by a number of brothers and sisters, among them being Mrs. Winifred Carter, Mr. Preston Manchester of Fall River, Mr. Leslie Manchester and Miss Hattie Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Webb have gone to Maine for a camping trip.

The annual offering for the St. Andrew's Industrial School in Barrington will be taken on Sunday at St. Paul's Church.

Mrs. Benjamin S. Anthony and Mrs. Alexander S. Boone attended the Diocesan Convention at St. John's Church in Providence on Tuesday.

Mr. Lloyd Wyatt, who is stationed at a lightship, is guest of his mother, Mrs. William Wyatt.

It is hoped that Secretary Denby will be in Newport next Saturday for the formal graduating exercises of the Naval War College.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)
William Barton Chapter

The monthly meeting of the Colonel William Barton Chapter, D. A. R. was held recently with the Regent, Mrs. Philip Wilbur, but owing to the unpleasant weather the attendance was very small. The names of Miss Charlotte A. Chase and Mrs. Edgar G. Lewis were presented for membership to the executive board. The Regent, who was the Chapter's delegate, gave a report of the proceedings of the National Convention, which was held in Washington recently. The renting of the Chapter House and the proposed rummage sale were discussed.

The annual meeting for the election of officers will be held in June, the nominating committee having been appointed as follows: Mrs. Clarence Brown, Mrs. Phoebe Edmondson and Mrs. Philip Caswell.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathewson of Newport have recently moved into the upper tenement of the Heath house. Mr. Mathewson is gardener at Glen Farm.

Rev. and Mrs. J. F. K. Alexander have opened their summer home on the East Shore.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis R. Chase are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son at the Newport Hospital. Their small daughter Abita is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Webber.

Mr. Charles A. Manchester and his daughter, Miss Susan M. Manchester, are spending the summer with his daughter, Mrs. David C. Simmons.

Fred Webber, Frank Peckham and Kenneth Towle of this town and Herbert Chase of Portsmouth attended the annual track meet at the Rhode Island State College last Saturday. Ralph Peckham of this town was in the one-mile run.

Mrs. Alva Weaver, who is Vice President of the Auxiliary of the Spanish War Veterans, attended the department meeting recently held in Providence.

Mrs. Phoebe Edmondson gave a party recently in honor of the eleventh birthday of her daughter. Games were played and supper was served. The table was prettily decorated and a May basket in the center contained favors for each guest. A birthday cake was decorated with eleven candles. Miss Edmondson received many pretty gifts.

Mrs. John R. Coggeshall entertained the Oliphant Reading Club on Friday.

Mr. Frank Sherman is making improvements and alterations on his home at Honeyman Hill. An addition is being built on the south side of the building.

Mrs. Raymond Stevens has returned to her home in Providence after spending a week with her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Coggeshall. Her sister, Miss Helen M. Coggeshall, returned with her for a week's visit.

Town Sergeant and Mrs. Thomas Ward have been guests of their daughter, Mrs. William Brown, in Slocum, R. I.

Mrs. Thomas L. Gaines has returned to her home in Honolulu after a visit with her mother, Mrs. Frank E. Packard.

Messrs. Edward Wilson and George Fleet recently took an automobile truckload of trees and shrubs to Narragansett Pier from the Wilson Nursery.

Wild Rose Troop of Girl Scouts gave an entertainment at the town hall on Friday evening, which included a playlet entitled "My Aunt from California," and folk dances. General dancing was enjoyed afterwards.

Mrs. Clinton Copeland gave a public whist at the Holy Cross parish house on Tuesday evening, for the benefit of the Middletown Free Library. Ten tables of whist were played.

The ladies' first prize was won by Mrs. Phoebe Edmondson, the second by Mr. Percy Bailey, who took the place of a lady. Mr. Scott of Newport and Mr. Willard Chase tied for men's first prize, but Mr. Scott won. The second was also a tie, Sheriff Anthony and Mr. Robert Chase. Mr. Chase won. May baskets were auctioned off and punch was served. About \$18 was realized.

Chief Bloomfield was called to act in Portsmouth, owing to the absence of Chief Deegan, who had gone to Narragansett Pier to view the body found there, to ascertain if it is Mr. Wyatt, who was drowned recently. Chief Bloomfield arrested three boys for track walking in Portsmouth. The three boys, who range in age from 15 to 17 years, say that they rode from Boston on an automobile truck, but had decided to go back. They grew tired of walking and decided to use a hand car which they found. They were caught trying to put it on the track. If successful, a bad accident to the train might have resulted.

Honeyman Hill is being coated with tar and gravel, under the supervision of Mr. Edward J. Peckham.

Mr. E. Marion Peckham had the State Road men at work on Wednesday placing a large culvert in front of the store of Mr. Isaac Gray in Portsmouth.

Mr. Isaac Chase, Jr., who has been on sea duty, has returned to his home for a visit.

City Engineer Roland J. Easton has begun the preliminary survey on the Broadway paving proposition.



THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS

A Romance

by Zane Grey

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Arriving at the lonely little railroad station of El Cajon, New Mexico, Madeline Hammond, New York girl, finds no one to meet her. While in the waiting room a drunken cowboy enters, asks if she is married, and leaves her terrified. He returns with a priest, who goes through some sort of ceremony, and the cowboy forces her to say "Yes." Asking her name and learning her identity the cowboy seems dazed. In a shooting scrape outside the room a Mexican is killed. The cowboy lets a girl, "Bonita," take his horse and escape, then conducts Madeline to Florence Kingsley, friend of her brother.

CHAPTER II.—Florence welcomes her, learns her story, and dismisses the cowboy Gene Stewart. Next day Alfred Hammond, Madeline's brother, takes Stewart to task. Madeline exonerates him of any wrong intent.

CHAPTER III.—Alfred, son of a wealthy family, had been dismissed from his home because of his dissipation. Madeline sees that the West has deemed him. She meets Stillwell, an employer, typical western ranchman. Madeline learns Stewart has gone over the border.

CHAPTER IV.—Danny Malone, one of Stillwell's cowboys, has disappeared, with some of Stillwell's money. His friends link his name with the girl Bonita.

CHAPTER V.—Madeline gets a glimpse of life on a western ranch.

CHAPTER VI.—Stewart's horse comes to the ranch with a note on the saddle asking Madeline to accept the beautiful animal. With her brother's consent she does so, naming him "Majesty." Her own pet nickname. Madeline, independently rich, arranges to buy Stillwell's ranch and that of Don Carlos, a Mexican neighbor.

CHAPTER VII.—Madeline feels she has found her right place, under the light of the western stars.

CHAPTER VIII.—Learning Stewart had been hurt in a brawl at Chichen, and knowing her brother's fondness for him, Madeline visits him and persuades him to come to the ranch as the boss of her cowboys.

CHAPTER IX.—Jim Nels, Nick Steele, and "Monty" Price are Madeline's chief riders. They have a feud with Don Carlos' vaqueros, who are really guerrillas. Madeline pledges Stewart to see that peace is kept.

It was then that Florence's face, changing, took on the hard, stern sharpness so typical of a cowboy's. Madeline had caught glimpses of that expression in Alfred's face, and on Stewart's when he was silent, and on Stillwell's always. It was a look of iron and fire—unchangeable, unquenchable will. There was even much of



"Give Me Your White Sweater. Take It Off—And the White Hat; Hurry, Madeline."

violence in the swift action whereby Florence compelled Madeline to the change of apparel.

"It'd been my idea, anyhow, if Stewart hadn't told me to do it," said Florence, her words as swift as her hands. "Don Carlos is after you—you, Miss Madeline Hammond! He wouldn't ambush a trail for any one else. He wants you for some reason. So Gene thought, and now I believe him. Well, we'll know for sure in five minutes. You ride the black; I'll ride Majesty. We'll slip around through the brush, out of sight and sound, till we can break out into the open. Then we'll split. You make straight for the ranch. I'll cut loose for the valley where Gene said positively the cowboys were with the cattle. The vaqueros will take me for you. They'll chase me. They'll never get anywhere near me. And you'll be on a fast horse. He can take you home ahead of any vaqueros. But you won't be chased. I'm sticking all on that. Trust me, Madeline. It is only my calculation, maybe I'd—It's because I remember Stewart. That cowboy knows things. Come, this head's the safest and smartest way to fool Don Carlos." Madeline felt herself more forced than persuaded into acquiescence. She mounted the black and took up the bridle. In another moment she was guiding her horse off the trail in the tracks of Majesty. Florence led off at right angles, threading a slow passage through the mesquite. She favored sandy patches and open aisles between the trees and was careful not to break a branch. Often she stopped to listen. This detour of perhaps half a mile brought Madeline to where she could see on ground, the ranch-house only a few miles off, and the cattle dotting

of face and glitter and fringe; they dressed their horses in silvered trappings. But the riders now tramping into the driveway were uncouth, lean, savage. They were guerrillas, a band of the riders who had been harassing the border since the beginning of the revolution. A second glimpse assured Madeline that they were not all Mexicans.

The presence of outlaws in that land brought home to Madeline her



The Presence of Outlaws in That Land Brought Home to Madeline Her Real Danger.

real danger. She remembered what Stillwell had told her about recent outlaw raids along the Rio Grande. These flying bands, operating under the excitement of the revolution, appeared here and there, everywhere, in remote places, and were gone as quickly as they came. Mostly they wanted money and arms, but they would steal anything, and unprotected women had suffered at their hands.

Madeline, hurriedly collecting her securities and the considerable money she had in her desk, ran out, closed and locked the door, crossed the patio to the opposite side of the house, and, entering again, went down a long corridor, trying to decide which of the many unused rooms would be best to hide in. And before she made up her mind she came to the last room. Just then a battering on door or window in the direction of the kitchen and shrill screams from the servant women increased Madeline's alarm.

She entered the last room. There was no lock or bar upon the door. But the room was large and dark, and it was half full of bales of alfalfa hay. Probably it was the safest place in the house; at least time would be necessary to find any one hidden there. She dropped her valuables in a dark corner and covered them with loose hay. That done, she felt her way down a narrow aisle between the piled-up bales and presently crouched in a niche.

With the necessity of action over for the immediate present, Madeline became conscious that she was quivering and almost breathless. Her skin felt tight and cold. There was a weight on her chest; her mouth was dry, and she had a strange tendency to swallow. Dull sounds came from parts of the house remote from her. In the intervals of silence between these sounds she heard the squeaking and rustling of mice in the hay. A mouse ran over her head.

She listened, waiting, hoping, yet dreading to hear the clattering approach of her cowboys. There would be fighting—blood—men injured, perhaps killed. Even the thought of violence of any kind hurt her. But perhaps the guerrillas would run in time to avoid a clash with her men. She hoped for that, prayed for it. Through her mind flitted what she knew of Nels, of Monty, of Nick Steele; and she experienced a sensation that left her somewhat chilled and sick. Then she thought of the dark-browed, freckled Stewart. She felt a thrill drive away the cold nausea. And her excitement augmented.

Waiting, listening increased all her emotions. Nothing appeared to be happening. Yet hours seemed to pass while she crouched there. Had Florence been overtaken? Could any of those lean horses outrun Majesty? She doubted it; she knew it could not be true. Nevertheless, the strain of uncertainty was torturing.

Suddenly the bang of the corridor door pierced her through and through with the dread of uncertainty. Some of the guerrillas had entered the east wing of the house. She heard a babel of jabbering voices, the shuffling of boots and clinking of spurs, the slamming of doors and ransacking of rooms.

Madeline lost faith in her hiding place. Moreover, she found it impossible to take the chance. The idea of being caught in that dark room by those ruffians filled her with horror. She must get out into the light. Swiftly she rose and went to the window. It was rather more of a door than window, being a large aperture closed by two wooden doors on hinges. The iron hook yielded readily to her grasp, and one door stuck fast, while the other opened a few inches. She looked out upon a green slope covered with flowers and bunches of sage and bushes. Neither man nor horse showed in the narrow field of her vision. She believed she would be safer hidden out there in the shrubbery than in the house. The jump from the window would be easy for her.

She pulled at the door. It did not budge. It had caught at the bottom. Pulling with all her might proved to be in vain. Pausing, with palms hot and bruised, she heard a louder, closer approach of the invaders of her home. Fear, wrath, and impotence contested for supremacy over her and drove her to desperation. She was alone here, and she must rely on herself. And as

she strained every muscle to move that obstinate door and heard the quick, harsh voices of men and the sounds of a hurried search she suddenly felt sure that they were hunting for her. She knew it. She did not wonder at it. But she wondered if she were really Madeline Hammond, and if it were possible that brutal men would harm her. Then the tramping of heavy feet on the floor of the adjoining room lent her the last strength of fear. Pushing with hands and shoulders, she moved the door far enough to permit the passage of her body. Then she stepped upon the sill and slipped through the aperture. She saw no one. Lightly she jumped down and ran in among the bushes. But these did not afford her the cover she needed. She stole from one clump to another, finding too late that she had chosen with poor judgment. The position of the bushes had drawn her closer to the front of the house rather than away from it, and just before her were horses, and beyond a group of excited men. With her heart in her throat Madeline crouched down.

A shrill yell, followed by running and mounting guerrillas, roused her hope. They had sighted the cowboys and were in flight. Rapid thumping of boots on the porch told of men hurrying from the house. Several horses dashed past her, not ten feet distant. One rider saw her, for he turned to shout back. This drove Madeline into a panic. Hardly knowing what she did, she began to run away from the house. Her feet seemed leaden. She felt the same horrible powerlessness that sometimes came over her when she dreamed of being pursued. Horses with shouting riders streaked past her in the shrubbery. There was a thunder of hoofs behind her. She turned aside, but the thundering grew nearer. She was being run down.

As Madeline shut her eyes and, staggering, was about to fall, apparently right under pounding hoofs, a rude, powerful hand clapped round her waist, clutched deep and strong, and swung her aloft. She felt a heavy blow when the shoulder of the horse struck her, and then a wrenching of her arm as she was dragged up. A sudden blighting pain made sight and feeling fade from her.

But she did not become unconscious to the extent that she lost the sense of being rapidly borne away. She seemed to hold that for a long time. When her faculties began to return the motion of the horse was no longer violent. For a few moments she could not determine her position. Apparently she was upside down. Then she saw that she was facing the ground, and must be lying across a saddle with her head hanging down. She could not move a hand; she could not tell where her hands were. Then she felt the touch of soft leather. She saw a high-topped Mexican boot, wearing a huge silver spur, and the rucking flank and legs of a horse, and a dusty, narrow trail. Soon a kind of red darkness veiled her eyes, her head swam, and she felt motion and pain only dimly.

After what seemed a thousand weary hours some one lifted her from the horse and laid her upon the ground, where, gradually, as the blood left her head and she could see, she began to get the right relation of things.

She lay in a sparse grove of firs, and the shadows told of late afternoon. She smelled wood smoke, and she heard the sharp crunch of horses' teeth nipping grass. Voices caused her to turn her face. A group of men stood and sat round a campfire eating like wolves. The looks of her captors made Madeline close her eyes, and the fascination, the fear they caused in her made her open them again. Mostly they were thin-bodied, thin-bearded Mexicans, black and haggard and starved. Whatever they might be, they surely were hunger-stricken and squalid. Not one had a coat. A few had scarfs. Some wore belts in which were scattered cartridges. Only a few had guns, and these were of diverse patterns. Madeline could see no packs, no blankets, and only a few cooking utensils, all battered and blackened. Her eyes fastened upon men she believed were white men; but it was from their features and not their color that she judged. Once she had seen a band of nomad robbers in the Sahara, and somehow was reminded of them by this motley outlaw troop.

They divided attention between the satisfying of ravenous appetites and a vigilant watching down the forest aisles. They expected some one, Madeline thought, and manifestly, if it were a pursuing posse, they did not show anxiety. She could not understand more than a word here and there that they had uttered. Presently, however, the name of Don Carlos revived keen curiosity in her and realization of her situation, and then once more dread possessed her breast.

A low exclamation and a sweep of arm from one of the guerrillas caused the whole band to wheel and concentrate their attention in the opposite direction. They heard something. They

saw some one. Grins and hands sought weapons, and then every man stiffened. Madeline saw what hunted men looked like at the moment of discovery, and the sight was terrible. She closed her eyes, sick with what she saw, fearful of the moment when the guns would leap out.

There were muttered curses, a short period of silence followed by whispers, and then a clear voice rang out, "El Capitán!" A strong shock vibrated through Madeline, and her eyelids swept open. Instantly she associated the name El Capitán with Stewart and experienced a sensation of strange regret. It was not pursuit or rescue she thought of then, but death. These men would kill Stewart. But surely he had not come alone. She heard the slow, heavy thump of hoofs. Soon into the wide aisle between the trees moved the form of a man, arms hung high over his head. Then Madeline saw the horse, and she recognized Majesty, and she knew it was really Stewart who rode the roan. When doubt was no longer possible she felt a suffocating sense of gladness and fear and wonder.

Many of the guerrillas leaped up with drawn weapons. Still Stewart approached with his hands high, and he rode right into the campfire circle. Then a guerrilla, evidently the chief, waved down the threatening men and strode up to Stewart. He greeted him. There was amaze and pleasure and respect in the greeting. Madeline could tell that, though she did not know what was said. At the moment Stewart appeared to her as cool and careless as if he were dismounting at her porch steps. But when he got down she saw that his face was white. He shook hands with the guerrilla, and then his glittering eyes raved over the men and around the glade until they rested upon Madeline. Without moving from his tracks he seemed to leap, as if a powerful current had shocked him. Madeline tried to smile to assure him she was alive and well; but the intent in his eyes, the power of his controlled spirit telling her of her peril and his, froze the smile on her lips.

With that he faced the chief and spoke rapidly in the Mexican jargon Madeline had always found so difficult to translate. The chief answered, spreading wide his hands, one of which indicated Madeline as she lay there. Stewart drew the fellow a little aside and said something for his ear alone. The chief's hands swept up in a gesture of surprise and acquiescence. Again Stewart spoke swiftly. His hearer then turned to address the band. Madeline caught the words "Don Carlos" and "peños." There was a brief muttering protest which the chief thundered down. Madeline guessed her release had been given by this guerrilla and bought from the others of the band.

Stewart strode to her side, leading the roan. Majesty reared and snorted when he saw his mistress prostrate. Stewart knelt, still holding the bridle. "Are you all right?" he asked.

"I think so," she replied, essaying a laugh that was rather a failure. "My feet are tied."

Dark blood blotted out all the white from his face, and lightning shot from his eyes. She felt his hands, like steel tongs, loosening the bonds round her ankles. Without a word he lifted her upright and then upon Majesty. Madeline reeled a little in the saddle, held hard to the pommel with one hand, and tried to lean on Stewart's shoulder with the other.

"Don't give up," he said.

She saw him gaze furtively into the forest on all sides. And it surprised her to see the guerrillas riding away. Putting the two facts together, Madeline formed an idea that neither Stewart nor the others desired to meet with some one evidently due shortly in the glade. Stewart guided the roan off to the right and walked beside Madeline, standing her in the saddle. At first Madeline was so weak and dizzy that she could scarcely retain her seat. The dizziness left her presently, and then she made an effort to ride without help. Her weakness, however, and a pain in her wrenched arm made the task laborious.

Stewart had struck off the trail, if there were one, and was keeping to denser parts of the forest. Majesty's hoofs made no sound on the soft ground, and Stewart strode on without speaking. Neither his hurry nor vigilance relaxed until at least two miles had been covered. The soft ground gave place to bare, rocky soil. The horse snorted and tossed his head. A sound of splashing water broke the silence. The hollow opened into a wider one through which a little brook murmured its way over the stones. Majesty snorted again and stopped and bent his head.

"He wants a drink," said Madeline. "I'm thirsty, too, and very tired."

Stewart lifted her out of the saddle, and as their hands parted she felt something moist and warm. Blood was running down her arm and into the palm of her hand.

"I'm—bleeding," she said, a little unsteadily. "Oh, I remember. My arm was hurt."

She held it out, the blood making her conscious of her weakness. Stewart's fingers felt so firm and sure. Swiftly he ripped the wet sleeve. Her forearm had been cut or scratched. He washed off the blood.

"Why, Stewart, it's nothing. I was only a little nervous. I guess that's the first time I ever saw my own blood."

He made no reply as he tore her handkerchief into strips and bound her arm. His swift motions and his silence gave her a hint of how he might meet a more serious emergency. She felt safe. And because of that impression, when he lifted his head and she saw that he was pale and shaking, she was surprised. He stood before her folding his scarf, which was still wet, and from which he made no effort to remove the red stains.

"Miss Hammond," he said, hoarsely, "it was a man's hand—a Greaser's finger—that cut your arm. I know who he was. I could have killed him. But I mightn't have got your freedom. You understand? I didn't dare."

Madeline gazed at Stewart, astounded more by his speech than his excessive emotion.

"My dear boy!" she exclaimed. And then she paused. She could not find words.

He was making an apology to her for not killing a man who had laid a rough hand upon her person. He was ashamed and seemed to be in a torture that she would not understand why he had not killed the man. There seemed to be something of passionate scorn in him that he had not been able to avenge her as well as free her.

"Stewart, I understand. You were being my kind of cowboy. I thank you."

But she did not understand so much as she implied. She had heard many stories of this man's cool indifference to peril and death. He had always seemed as hard as granite. Why should the sight of a little blood upon her arm pale his cheek and shake his hand and thicken his voice? What was there in his nature to make him implore her to see the only reason he could not kill an outlaw? The answer to the first question was that he loved her. It was beyond her to answer the second. But the secret of it lay in the same strength from which his love sprang—an intensity of feeling which seemed characteristic of these western men of simple, lonely, elemental lives. All at once over Madeline rushed a tide of realization of how greatly it was possible for such a man as Stewart to love her. The thought came to her in all its singular power. All her eastern lovers who had the graces that made them her equals in the sight of the world were without the only great essential that a lonely, hard life had given to Stewart. Nature here struck a just balance. Something deep and dim in the future, an unknown voice, called to Madeline and disturbed her. And because it was not a voice to her intelligence she denuded the ears of her warm and throbbing life and decided never to listen.

"Is it safe to rest a little?" she asked. "I am so tired. Perhaps I'll be stronger if I rest."

"We're all right now," he said. "I can get you home by midnight. They'll be some worried down there."

"What happened?"

"Nothing much to any one but you. That's the—hard luck of it. Florence caught us out on the slope. We were returning from the fire. We were dead beat. But we got to the ranch before any damage was done. We sure had trouble in finding a trace of you. Nick spotted the prints of your heels under the window. And then we knew. I had to fight the boys. If they'd come after you I'd never have gotten you without a fight. I didn't want that. I had to rope Monty. Honest, I tied him to the porch. Nels and Nick promised to stay and hold him till morning. That was the best I could do. I was sure lucky to come up with the band so soon. I had figured right. I knew that guerrilla chief. He's a bandit in Mexico. It's a business with him. But he fought for Madero, and I was with him a good deal. He may be a Greaser, but he's white."

"How did you effect my release?"

"I offered them money. That's what the rebels all want. They need money. They're a lot of poor, hungry devils. I gathered that you offered to pay ransom. How much?"

"Two thousand dollars Mex. I gave my word. I'll have to take the money. I told them when and where I'd meet them."

"Certainly. I'm glad I've got the money." Madeline laughed. "What a strange thing to happen to me! I wonder what dad would say to that? Stewart, I'm afraid he'd say two thousand dollars is more than I'm worth. But tell me. That rebel chieftain did not demand money?"

"No. The money is for his men. We were comrades before Juarez. One day I dragged him out of a ditch. I reminded him. Then I—I told him something I—I thought—"

"Stewart, I know from the way he looked at me that you spoke of me. I heard Don Carlos' name several times. That interests me. What have Don Carlos and his vaqueros to do with this?"

"That Greaser has all to do with it," replied Stewart, grimly. "He burned his ranch and corral to keep us from getting them. But he also did it to draw all the boys away from your home. They had a deep plot, all right. I left orders for some one to stay with you. But Al and Stillwell, who're both hot-headed, rode off this morning. Then the guerrillas came down."

"Well, what was the idea—the plot—as you call it?"

"To get you," he said, bluntly.

"Me? Stewart, you do not mean capture—whatever you call it—anything more than mere accident?"

"I do mean that. But Stillwell and your brother think the guerrillas wanted money and arms, and they just happened to make off with you because you ran under a horse's nose."

"You do not incline to that point of view?"

"I don't. Neither does Nels nor Nick Steele. And we know Don Carlos and the Greasers. Look how the vaqueros chased Flo for you!"

"What do you think, then?"

"I'd rather not say. Once I heard Nels say he'd seen the Greaser look at you, and he'd ever saw him do it again he'd shoot him."

"Why, Stewart, that is ridiculous! To shoot a man for looking at a woman? This is a civilized country."

"Well, maybe it would be ridiculous in a civilized country. There's a lot of things about civilization I don't care for."

"What, for instance?"

"For one thing, I can't stand for the way men let other men treat women."

"But, Stewart, this is strange talk from you, who, that night I came—"

She broke off, sorry that she had spoken. His shame was not passed to see. Suddenly he lifted his head and she felt his hand on her arm.

"Suppose I was drunk. Suppose I had been an ordinary girl. Suppose I had really made her marry me. You think I would have stood—"

Continued on Page 3

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LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS

Continued from Page 2

a drunkard and have been good to her."

"Stewart, I do not know what to think about you," replied Madeline.

Then followed a short silence. Madeline saw the last bright rays of the setting sun glide up over a distant crag. Stewart reappeared the horse and looked at the saddle-girths.

"I got off the trail. About Don Carlos I'll say right out, not what Nels and Nick think, but what I know. Don Carlos hoped to make off with you for himself, the same as if you had been a poor peon slave-girl down in Sonora. Maybe he had a deeper plot than my rebel friend told me. Maybe he even went so far as to hope for American troops to chase him. The rebels are trying to stir up the United States. They'd welcome intervention, but, however that may be, the Greaser meant evil to you, and has meant it ever since he saw you first. That's all."

"Stewart, you have done me and my family a service we can never hope to repay."

"I've done the service. Only don't mention it to me. But there's one thing I'd like you to know, and I find it hard to say. It's prompted, maybe, by what I know you think of me and what I imagine your family and friends would think if they knew. It's not prompted by pride or conceit. And it's this: Such a woman as you should never have come to this Godforsaken country unless she meant to forget herself. But as you did come, and as you were dragged away by those devils, I want you to know that all your wealth and position and influence—all that power behind you—would never have saved you from hell tonight. Only such a man as Nels or Nick Steele or I could have done that."

Madeline Hammond felt the great leveling force of the truth. Whatever the difference between her and Stewart, or whatever the imagined difference set up by false standards of class and culture, the truth was that here on this wild mountain-side she was only a woman and he was simply a man. It was a man that she needed, and if her choice could have been considered in this extremity it would have fallen upon him who had just faced her in quiet, bitter speech. Here was food for thought.

"I reckon we'd better start now," he said, and drew the horse to a large rock. "Come."

Madeline's will greatly exceeded her strength. For the first time she acknowledged to herself that she had been hurt. Still, she did not feel much pain except when she moved her shoulder. Once in the saddle, where Stewart lifted her, she drooped weakly. The way was rough; every step the horse took hurt her; and the slope of the ground threw her forward on the pommel.

"Here is the trail," said Stewart, at length.

Not far from that point Madeline swayed, and but for Stewart's support would have fallen from the saddle. She heard him swear under his breath.

"Here, this won't do," she said. "Throw your leg over the pommel. The other one—here."

Then, mounting, he slipped behind her and lifted and turned her, and then held her with his left arm so that she lay across the saddle and his knees, her head against his shoulder. As the horse started into a rapid walk Madeline gradually lost all pain and discomfort when she relaxed her muscles. Presently she let herself go



For a Little While She Seemed to Be Half Drunk With the Gentle Swaying of a Hammock.

and lay inert, greatly to her relief. For a little while she seemed to be half drunk with the gentle swaying of a hammock. Her mind became at once dreamy and active, as if it thoughtfully recorded the slow, soft impressions pouring in from all her senses.

She could not believe the evidence of the day's happenings. Would any of her people, her friends, ever believe it? Could she tell it? She remembered the ghastly visages of those starved rebels, and marveled at her blessed fortune in escaping them. Stewart's arrival in the glade, the courage with which he had faced the outlawed men, grew as real to her now as the iron arm that clasped her. Had it been an instinct which had impelled her to save this man when he lay ill and hopeless in the shack at

Christiana? In helping him had she hedged round her forces that had just operated to save her life, or if not that, more than life was to her? She believed so.

A heavy languor, like a blanket, began to steal upon her. She wavered and drifted. With the last half-conscious sense of a muffled throb at her ear, a something intangibly sweet, deep-toned, and strange, like a distant calling bell, she fell asleep with her head on Stewart's breast.

CHAPTER XII

Friends From the East.

Three days after her return to the ranch Madeline could not discover any physical discomfort as a reminder of her adventurous experiences. If it had not been for the quiet and persistent geniality of her cowboys she might almost have forgotten Don Carlos and the raiders. Madeline was assured of the splendid physical fitness to which this ranch life had developed her, and that she was assimilating something of the Western disregard of danger.

A hard ride, an accident, a day in the sun and dust, an adventure with outlaws—these might once have been matters of large import, but now for

Madeline they were to order with all the rest of her changed life.

There was never a day that something interesting was not brought to her notice. Stillwell, who had ceaselessly reproached himself for riding away the morning Madeline was captured, grew more like an anxious parent than a faithful superintendent. He was never at ease regarding her unless he was near the ranch or had left Stewart there, or else Nels and Nick Steele. Naturally, he trusted more to Stewart than to any one else.

"Miss Majesty, it's sure amazing strange about Gene," said the old cattleman, as he tramped into Madeline's office.

"What's the matter now?" she inquired.

"Wal, Gene has rustled off into the mountains again. He's sneaked off, an' Nels, who was down to the lower trail, saw him meet somebody that looked like Padre Marcos. Wal, I went down to the church, and, sure enough, Padre Marcos is gone. What do you think of that, Miss Majesty?"

"Maybe Stewart is getting religious," laughed Madeline. "Let him take his mysterious trips into the mountains. Here, Stillwell, I have news for you that may give you reason for worry. I have letters from home. And my sister, with a party of friends, is coming out to visit me. They are society folk, and one of them is an English lord. Let me read you a few extracts from my mail."

Madeline took up her sister's letter with a strange sensation of how easily sight of a crested monogram and scent of delicately perfumed paper could recall the brilliant life she had given up. She scanned the pages of beautiful handwriting. Helen seldom wrote letters, and she never read anything, not even popular novels of the day. She was as absolutely ignorant of the West as the Englishman, who, she said, expected to hunt buffalo and fight Indians. Moreover, there was a subtle note in the letter that Madeline did not like, and which roused her spirit.

When she finished reading aloud a few paragraphs the old cattleman snorted and his face grew redder.

"Did your sister write that?" he asked. "Does she think we're a lot of wild men from Borneo?"

"Evidently she does. I rather think she is in for a surprise. Now, Stillwell, you are clever and you can see the situation. I want my guests to enjoy their stay here, but I do not want that to be at the expense of the feelings of all of us, or even any one. Helen will bring a lively crowd. They'll crave excitement—the unusual. Let us see that they are not disappointed. You take the boys into your confidence. Tell them what to expect, and tell them how to meet it. I shall help you in that. I want the boys to be on dress-parade when they are off duty. I want them to be on their most elegant behavior. I do not care what they do, what measures they take to protect themselves, what tricks they contrive, so long as they do not overstep the limit of kindness and courtesy. I want them to play their parts seriously, naturally, as if they had lived no other way. My guests expect to have fun. Let us meet them with fun. Now what do you say?"

Stillwell rose, his great bulk towering, his huge face beaming.

"Wal, I say it's the most amazing fine idea I ever heard of in my life."

"Indeed, I am glad you like it," went on Madeline. "Come to me again, Stillwell, after you have spoken to the boys. But, now that I have suggested it, I am a little afraid. You know what cowboy fun is. Perhaps—"

"Don't you go back on that idea," interrupted Stillwell. He was assuring and bland, but his hurry to convince Madeline betrayed him. "Leave the boys to me. Why, don't they all swear by you, same as the Mexicans do to the Virgin? They won't disgrace you, Miss Majesty. They'll be simply hounded. It'll beat any show you ever seen."

"I believe it will," replied Madeline. "Very well, we will consider it settled. My guests will arrive on May ninth. Meanwhile let us get Her Majesty's Rancho in shape for this invasion."

On the afternoon of the ninth of May, perhaps half an hour after Madeline had received a telephone message from Link Stevens announcing the arrival of her guests at El Cajon, Florence called her out upon the porch. Stillwell was there with his face wrinkled by his wonderful smile and his eagle eyes riveted upon the distant valley. Far away, perhaps twenty miles, a thin streak of white dust rose from the valley floor and slanted skyward.

"Look," said Florence, excitedly.

"What is that?" asked Madeline.

"Link Stevens and the automobile!"

"Oh no! Why, it's only a few minutes since he telephoned saying the

party had just arrived."

"Take a look with the glasses," said Florence.

One glance through the powerful binoculars convinced Madeline that Florence was right. And another glance at Stillwell told her that he was speechless with delight. "Wal, as Nels says, I wouldn't be in that there automobile right now for a million pesos," he remarked.

"Why? Is Stevens driving fast?"

"Good Lord! Fast? Miss Majesty, there hasn't ever been anything except a streak of lightning run so fast in this country. I reckon I'd like to be harnessed when Link drives up, but I want to be with the boys down by the bunk. It'll be some fun to see Nels and Monty when Link comes flyin' along."

"I wish Al had stayed to meet them," said Madeline.

Her brother had rather hurried a shipment of cattle to California; and it was Madeline's supposition that he had welcomed the opportunity to absent himself from the ranch.

"I am sorry he wouldn't stay," replied Florence. "But Al's all business now. And he's doing finely. It's just as well, perhaps."

"Surely. That was my pride speaking. I would like to have all my family and all my old friends see what a man Al has become. Well, Link Stevens is running like the wind. The car will be here before we know it. Florence, we've only a few moments to dress. But first I want to order many and various and exceedingly cold refreshments for that approaching party."

Less than a half-hour later Madeline went again to the porch and found Florence there.

"Oh, you look just lovely!" exclaimed Florence, impulsively, as she gazed wide-eyed up at Madeline. "And somehow so different!"

Madeline smiled a little sadly. Perhaps when she had put on that exquisite white gown something had come to her of the manner which befitted the wearing of it. She could not resist the desire to look fair once more in the eyes of these hypercritical friends. The sad smile had been for the days that were gone. For she knew that what society had once been pleased to call her beauty had troubled since it had last been seen in a drawing-room. Madeline wore no jewels, but at her waist she had pinned two great crimson roses. Against the dead white they had the life and fire and redness of the desert.

"Link's hit the old round-up trail," said Florence, "and oh, isn't he riding that car!"

With Florence, as with most of the cowboys, the car was never driven, but ridden.

A white spot with a long trail of dust showed low down in the valley. It was now headed almost straight for the ranch. Madeline watched it growing larger moment by moment, and her pleasurable emotion grew accordingly. Then the rapid leap of a horse's hoofs caused her to turn.

Stewart was riding in on his black horse. He had been absent on an important mission, and his duty had taken him to the international boundary line. His presence home long before he was expected was particularly gratifying to Madeline, for it meant that his mission had been brought to a successful issue. Once more, for the hundredth time, the man's reliability struck Madeline. He was a doer of things.

Madeline advanced to the porch steps. And Stewart, after taking a parcel of papers from a saddle-bag, turned toward her.

"Stewart, you are the best of cowboys," she said. "I am pleased."

Dust streamed from his sombrero as he doffed it. His dark face seemed to rise as he straightened weary shoulders.

"Here are the reports, Miss Hammond," he replied.

As he looked up to see her standing there, dressed to receive her eastern guests, he checked his advance with a violent action which recalled to Madeline the one he had made on the night she had met him, when she disclosed her identity. A man struck by a bullet might have had an instant jerk of muscular control such as convulsed Stewart. In that instant, as her keen gaze searched his dust-enslaved face, she met the full, free look of his eyes. Her own did not fall, though she felt a warmth steal to her cheeks. Madeline very seldom blushed. And now, conscious of her sudden color, a genuine blush flamed on her face. It was irresistible.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

able that stirred her mind to quick analysis. In this instance the thing that had struck Madeline was Stewart's glance. He had looked at her and the old burning, inscrutable fire the darkness, had left his eyes. Suddenly they had been beautiful. The look had not been one of surprise or admiration; nor had it been one of love. She was familiar, too familiar with all three. It had not been a gaze of passion, for there was nothing beautiful in that. Madeline pondered. And presently she realized that Stewart's eyes had expressed a strange joy of pride. That expression Madeline had never before encountered in the look of any man. Probably its strangeness had made her notice it and accounted for her blushing. The longer she lived among these outdoor men the more they surprised her. Particularly, how incomprehensible was this cowboy Stewart! Why should he have pride or joy at sight of her?

The approaching automobile was on the slope now, some miles down the long gradual slant. Its velocity was astounding. Long, gray vells, like penants, streamed in the wind. A low rushing sound became perceptible, and it grew louder, became a roar. The car shot like an arrow past the alfalfa field, by the bunk-houses, where the cowboys waved and cheered. The horses and burros in the corral began to snort and tramp and race in fright. At the base of the long slope of the foothill Link cut the speed more than half. Yet the car roared up, rolling the dust, flying capes and vells and banners, and crashed and crinkled to a halt in the yard before the porch.

Madeline descended a gray, disheveled mass of humanity packed inside the car. Besides the driver there were seven occupants, and for a moment they appeared to be coming to life, moving and exclaiming under the vells and wraps and dust-shields. Link Stevens stepped out and, removing helmet and goggles, coolly looked at his watch.

"An hour and a quarter, Miss Hammond," he said. "It's sixty-three miles by the valley road, an' you know there's a couple of bad hills. I reckon we made fair time, considerin' you wanted me to drive slow an' safe."

From the mass of dusty-velled humanity in the car came low exclamations and plaintive feminine wails. Madeline stepped to the front of the porch. Then the deep voices of men and softer voices of women united in one glad outburst, as much a thanksgiving as a greeting, "Majesty!"

Helen Hammond was three years younger than Madeline, and a slender, pretty girl. Having recovered her breath soon after Madeline took her to her room, she began to talk.

"Majesty, old girl, I'm here; but you can bet I would never have gotten here if I had known about that ride from the railroad. You never wrote that you had a car. I thought this was our West—stage-coach, and all that sort of thing. Such a tremendous car! And the road! What kind of a chauffeur is he?"

"He's a cowboy. He was crippled by falling under his horse, so I had him instructed to run the car. He can drive, don't you think?"

"Drive? Good gracious! He scared us to death, except Castleton. Nothing could scare that cold-blooded little Englishman. I am dizzy yet. Do you know, Majesty, I was delighted when I saw the car. Then your cowboy driver met us at the platform. What a queer-looking individual! He had a big pistol strapped to those leather trousers. That made me nervous. When he puled us all in with our grips, he put me in the seat beside him, whether I liked it or not. I was fool enough to tell him I loved to travel fast. What do you think he said? Well, he eyed me in a rather cool and speculative way and said, with a smile, 'Miss, I reckon anything you love an' want had will be coming to you out here!' I didn't know whether it was delighted candor or impudence. Then he said to all of us: 'Shore you had better wrap up in the vells an' dusters."

It's a long, slow, hot, dusty ride to the ranch, an' Miss Hammond's order was to drive safe. He got our baggage checked and gave them to a man with a huge wagon and a four-horse team. Then he cranked the car, jumped in, wrapped his arms round the wheel, and sank down low in his seat. There was a crack, a jerk, a kind of dash around us, and that dirty little town was somewhere on the map behind. For about five minutes I had a lovely time. Then the car began to tear me to pieces. I couldn't hear anything but the rush of wind and roar of the car. I could see only straight ahead. What a road! I never saw a road in my life till today. Miles and miles and miles ahead, with not even a post or tree. That big car seemed to leap at the miles. It lurched and sang. I was fascinated, then terrified. We went so fast I couldn't catch my breath. The wind went through me, and I expected to be disrobed by it any minute. I was afraid I couldn't hold any clothes on. Presently all I could see was a blushing gray wall with a white line in the middle. Then my eyes blurred. My face burned. My ears grew full of a hundred thousand howling devils. I was about ready to die when the car stopped. I looked and looked, and when I could see, there you stood!"

"Telen, I thought you were fond of speeding," said Madeline, with a laugh.

"I was. But I assure you I never before was in a fast car; I never met a driver."

"Perhaps I may have a few surprises for you out here in the wild and woolly West."

Helen's dark eyes showed a sister's memory of possibilities.

"You've started well," she said. "I am simply stunned. I expected to find you old and dowdy. Majesty, you're the handsomest thing I ever laid eyes on. You're so splendid and strong, and your skin is like white gold. What's happened to you? What's changed you? This beautiful room, those glorious roses out there, the cool, dark sweetness of this wonderful house! I know you, Majesty, and, though you never wrote it, I believe you have made a home out here. That's the most stunning surprise of all. Come, confess. I know you're ways been selfish and not much of a sister; but if you are happy out here I am glad. You were not happy at home. Tell me about yourself and about Alfred. Then I shall give you all the messages and news from the East."

It afforded Madeline exceeding pleasure to have from one and all of her guests varied encomiums of her beautiful home, and a real and warm interest in what promised to be a delightful and memorable visit.

Of them all Castleton was the only one who failed to show surprise. He greeted her precisely as he had when he had last seen her in London. Madeline, rather to her astonishment, found meeting him again pleasurable. She discovered she liked this imperturbable Englishman. Manifestly her capacity for liking any one had immeasurably enlarged. Quite unexpectedly her old girlish love for her younger sister sprang into life, and with it interest in these half-forgotten friends, and a warm regard for Edith Wayne, a chum of college days.

Edith Wayne was a patrician brunette, a serious, soft-voiced woman, sweet and kindly, despite a rather bitter experience that had left her worldly-wise. Mrs. Carrolton Beck, a plain, lively person, had chaperoned the party. The fourth and last of the feminine contingent was Miss Dorothy Coombs-Dot, as they called her—a young woman of attractive blond prettiness.

For a man Castleton was of very small stature. He had a plink-and-white complexion, a small golden mustache, and his heavy eyelids, always drooping, made him look dull. His attitude, out to what appeared to be an exaggerated English style, attracted attention to his distinctive size. He was immaculate and fastidious. Robert Weede was a rather large florid young

Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 4 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

man, remarkable only for his good nature. Counting Boyd Harvey, a handsome, pale-faced fellow, with the careless smile of the man for

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The Mercury.
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Saturday, May 19, 1923

President Harding is soon to start on a tour across the continent. He proposes to go through to the Pacific coast, and make some dozen or more speeches on the way. His first address is to be made in St. Louis, and the last in San Diego, Cal.

German Marks are selling in this country at the rate of \$23 for a million. In former times a million Marks would buy about a quarter of a million of Uncle Sam's dollars. How are the mighty fallen! The continued fall in value of German money indicates that the time is not far distant when Germany will try to repudiate her entire indebtedness.

The claims of individuals in America for losses in Germany amount to over a billion dollars. In our opinion Germany will continue to owe that amount to Americans during the life of the present generation, at least. Our government has presented no claims, but the individuals have presented in all some ten thousand bills against the former Kaiser's bailiwick.

According to the census bureau it cost \$46.61 per capita to govern Newport, while it cost Cranston in this state, but \$20.93 in the year 1922. Newport's expenses amounted to \$1,447,461, while her total income was only \$1,278,809. The expense of governing the state and also the city of Newport has more than doubled in the last eight years. It is time to call a halt. If this thing goes on much longer the state and city will be bankrupt.

France proposes to remain in Ruhr till Germany pays her debt. The French Minister declares: "We are in the Ruhr. So long as Germany does not pay she will not get us out." The French Minister says: "We have known the German nation for more than 1900 years. We have never noticed that they have greatly changed. They are a people for whom war is eternally a national industry and for whom peace never was anything but a truce between combats."

The minority in the state senate has accomplished nothing by holding up all business for nearly three months. Their object was to force the majority to report their three pet measures, viz.: the repeal of the property qualification, the redistricting the senate on the basis of population, and the calling a constitutional convention. In due time the majority reported all of these measures and the senate promptly killed all three of them. Many members of the minority party voted with the majority against all three of the bills.

According to the calendar straw hat day has come, but according to the weather that we have had for the past six months, the straw hat would seem to be more ornamental than useful. May 15 is supposed to be the day when this head appendage is supposed to make its appearance, but thus far it has been conspicuous by its absence. The cool weather has had a discouraging effect on its appearance. Time will come, however, when this will be a numerous headgear on our streets. Let us hope that that time is not far distant.

Ford, the maker of silvers, is now pronounced the richest man in the world. A few years ago he was a day laborer. There must be good money in silvers. He has lately branched out again and bought a garnet mine in New Hampshire. The report says the 518 inhabitants of the town of Danbury are very much excited over the purchase by Henry Ford of 200 acres of the most desirable garnet property in that state. It is claimed that gold, mica and garnet abound in that vicinity. Perhaps the making of Ford machines is not enough of a gold mine to suit the ambition of the inventor and so he proposes to scatter some of his big earnings in digging for gold. In our opinion, there is more gold in the Ford machine, to the maker, than there is among the New Hampshire hills.

It is time something was done to protect children from automobile slaughter. The records of Massachusetts show that one child has been killed each day this month on the average, and that in former years the average for the year has been about 250. Such a slaughter of little ones should be stopped. The fault is by no means all on the side of the automobilist. Children should be looked after more carefully by the mothers. They should not be allowed to play in the streets under any circumstances. The register of motor vehicles in that state specially warns autoists to exercise special care at this season of the year when the attractions of spring are calling children out of doors. The Council of Safety in that state is also campaigning to remind mothers that failing guilty motorists will not restore a dead child.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RESOURCEFULNESS

The head of a big corporation once said that he preferred to hire boys that come from the country, because they had more initiative. Their experience had developed their resourcefulness. Such a boy, he said, is constantly being out "on his own," and he has to think out ways to get out of difficulties. He goes out in a field and his cart breaks down and he has to get it going again all by himself. A city boy, he thought, does not get that chance to develop resourcefulness.

There are many mechanical workers who cannot make a simple adjustment on any machine or tool. The moment anything goes wrong, they have to summon a foreman or other workman to make it go. A fellow of that type is not going to be marked for quick promotion.

Young people have too much tendency nowadays to spend time watching others do things. Many of those who attend schools or colleges instead of doing things themselves, just sit on bleacher seats and watch the athletes play. This develops no power of their own. The many young people who spend too much time in attending shows and entertainments are exposed to the same tendency. Instead of cultivating some talent of their own, and acquiring larger powers, they do too much watching of other people's performances.

School and college life ought to give every young person some personal outlet for expression, some make him think and act for himself, that will arouse his ambition and make him think and act for himself. There are too many watchers in the world, and not enough doers.

The exigencies of life can be met only by learning to think. Not great dreamy far-away thoughts such as so many young people think, but plain practical thoughts about meeting the exigencies of life. The modern young person needs more practice in overcoming the difficulties and sizing up the situations of every day life.

RISE AGAINST DIFFICULTIES

One of the most interesting things in American life is the way a lot of the aliens will gain a position for themselves in the business world. Quite frequently they start in peddling from door to door. They appear with a bag full of dry goods or a little push cart of fruit, and gradually create a little reputation.

Then after a time, some of them that have more than ordinary ambition, will be found renting little stores. Gradually they get a foothold against great difficulties. It means hard work. Perhaps for years they keep open very long hours. Their wives and children may help.

At first they may know so little English that it seems as if they could not get along. Perhaps they have to ask someone to come in and read and write letters for them. But there is something about their work that makes their business grow. They seem so much in earnest, so desirous of pleasing the public, that they make friends.

There are a lot of fellows of this type who have made good, some in a large way. The obstacle of language alone was a tremendous handicap. Many of those that came overseas with them have been satisfied just to settle down with a few English words, enough to hold a job and do trading at the stores. But these ambitious fellows took all the chances that came their way, and gradually they got so they can speak quite well. In five years they may talk English with only a little accent.

The difficulties that these men have faced would utterly daunt a lot of the natives. The relatively slight obstacles that stand in the way of American born youth prove too much for the great majority, while these newcomers come in from outside and win success. But they have one thing that is bound to conquer, and that is indomitable persistence and industry.

Boston is soon to have a Hotel Statler, which will surpass in size and elegance anything now in that city. It will be twelve stories high and contain 1400 rooms. The building is expected to be completed in season for next year's use. There is a movement on foot for still another large hotel in that city. Boston ought to be well supplied with hotels in the near future. And yet they tell us the Volstead Act has made hotels unprofitable.

An Attleboro woman sat on the rocks some hours last week, shot gun in hand, defying her neighbors to build a fence which she claimed infringed on her land some six feet. She remained mistress of the situation until after 10 o'clock at night, when the fence builders, tired of their work, retired from the scene of war and left the woman in full possession of the disputed territory.

The Methodist Sunday School children numbered last year 4,913,194 in the various Sunday Schools of the country. There were 36,181 Sunday Schools of that denomination in this country. This probably outnumbers any other of the Protestant denominations.

A TRIBUTE NEWPORT HAS ALWAYS RENDERED

Dwight F. Davis, Assistant Secretary of War, writes as follows in regard to the proposed observance of Memorial Day in a small town in Massachusetts:

I am very happy to endorse the plan of your patriotic committee in its endeavor to restore Memorial Day to the position it formerly held when entire communities paid loving tribute to the nation's dead.

The splendid tribute to American ideals and institutions manifested in your desire to honor the memory of those who paid the supreme sacrifice, in order that the integrity of the United States might be preserved, is indeed a noble testimony of a noble inspiration.

The mutual spirit of devotion to such a common purpose in which your community representatives of the Confederacy and of the Grand Army of the Republic are privileged to meet is in itself a pledge that the memory of those you so honor is not soon to be forgotten.

The sentiment is to be commended, but it represents only what Newport has always done. The observance of Memorial Day has ever been very general here. For more than fifty years the people of this city have paid generous tribute to the memory of those who in the time of the Nation's peril rallied to her defense, and who surrendered their lives to the glorious cause. As Newport was one of the first to respond to the call of President Lincoln, so she was one of the first to unite once a year in doing honor to the memory of her fallen sons. This practice she has kept up to this day in the full meaning of the term.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The Legislative session slowly nears its end, the wrangling in the senate continuing up to the last minute. The House transacted a little business on Tuesday and then adjourned until Friday. The Senate had its usual scrapping match, during which some business was disposed of, on Tuesday and Wednesday, and then adjourned until Friday.

The opinion of the Supreme Court on the matter of the legality of the passage of the appropriation bill, was presented to the Speaker of the House in time to be read on Friday. The result of this opinion was awaited with much anxiety by all parties, as that will undoubtedly determine the future action of the Legislature.

UNCLE SAM'S BLUE JACKETS STILL IN EVIDENCE

Uncle Sam's destroyer fleet is cruising in the Near East. Our bluejackets and marines may be seen in Constantinople, Odessa, Messina, Haifa, Samsum, Smyrna, the Piræus, Tribizon, under the command of Rear Admiral Long, who is soon to arrive in Washington; chief of the Bureau of Navigation. This bureau is the right hand of the Secretary of the Navy, issuing, enforcing and recording all orders of the Secretary. It supervises the training and education of officers and enlisted men, including the Naval Academy at Annapolis and the Naval War College at Newport.

STILL A GOOD DEMOCRAT

Senatorelect Copeland of New York was asked the other day to take the place of Chairman Cordell Hull, chairman of the Democratic gathering at Reading, Penn., who was unable to keep his engagement owing to a personal bereavement. Dr. Copeland found, on consulting his diary, that he was billed to assist in receiving Lord Robert Cecil in New York the same night, but agreed to go, wiring the Keystone Democrats: "Will be there. Prefer a Democratic jamboree to an English Lord any time."

MOTORING SHRINERS

According to estimates, no fewer than 50,000 passenger automobiles will be driven by Shriners from all parts of the United States to the National Shrine convention to be held in Washington, D. C., starting June 7. It is estimated that there will be 300,000 Shriners at this gathering, which will be the largest ever seen in this country. Rhode Island will be well represented.

CARS BARRED ON SUNDAY

Automobiles are not permitted to operate in Ocean Grove, N. J., on Sunday. All avenues of approach to the seaside resort, are regularly closed by gates every Saturday midnight and are not opened until Sunday midnight. Cars which are caught in the town when the gates are closed must be stopped at once, and are not allowed to be driven during the 24-hour period. Pedestrians, however, are allowed to walk around.

Weekly Calendar MAY 1923

STANDARD TIME	
Sun	Mon
12-1	12-2
1-10	1-11
2-19	2-20
3-28	3-29
4-6	4-7
5-15	5-16
6-24	6-25
7-3	7-4
8-12	8-13
9-21	9-22
10-30	10-31
11-9	11-10
12-18	12-19

Last quarter, May 7th, 1.19 evening.
New moon, May 15th, 5.32 evening.
First quarter, May 23rd, 9.21 morning.
Full moon, May 30th, 9.03 morning.

Deaths.

In this city, 13th Inst., Daniel Louis, son of Joseph L. and the late Joanna Crowther.
In this city, 15th Inst., Cornelius Curran.
In this city, May 15, James A. Ray, of Tiverton, R. I., May 15th, G. H. Raymond Wheeler, in his 32nd year.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, May 19 1923.—I am delighted to announce some progress in determining the causes that shift the good and bad crop seasons from one section to another. It may appear strange, but the Chinook winds of middle Canada and the hot winds of the more southern plains are closely related to these changes. The gaps in the Rockies' crests are necessary features and the key to the whole subject is certainly controlled by the moisture that is evaporated and comes from the northern Pacific Ocean, or by the absence of such moisture. The Chinook winds blow thru the Rockies' gaps in summer as in winter, but they are noticed in winter when they suddenly melt the snows. These snow-melting winds come only when there is no moisture coming from the northern Pacific, while the hot winds of Kansas come when there is no moisture coming thru the more southern gaps. When moisture does come thru the Rockies' gaps the high lands of the great plains, north and south, in summer get good rains and good crops. I know when the moisture will come from the Pacific. But there is considerable work yet to do in order to determine how the moisture will be distributed in the eastern Rockies' slope, after it comes thru the gaps.

Section 1: North of 47, between 90 and Rockies' crest; normal temperature May 20, highest 23, lowest 31; average warmer than usual; less than usual rain; most severe storms and most rain near 25.

Section 2: North of 47, east of 90; normal temperatures near May 22, highest 25, lowest June 2; average warmer than usual; less than usual rain; most severe storms and most rain near 27.

Section 3: Between 39 and 47 and between 90 and Rockies' crest, moderate temperatures near May 18, high near 31, average much warmer than usual; not much rain; storms threatening.

Section 4: East of 90, between latitudes 39 and 47; normal temperatures near May 19, lowest 21 and 30, highest 26; extreme temperatures averaging normal; less than usual rain; most rain 27 to 31.

Section 5: South of 38, west of 90; lowest temperatures May 19 and 26, highest 23 and 28; extreme temperatures averaging normal; most rain 25 to 31.

Section 6: South of 39, east of 90; lowest temperatures May 21 and 28, highest 25 and 30; extreme temperatures, averaging normal; most rain 27 to June 2.

Section 7: North of 43½, west of Rockies' crest; highest temperatures near May 20, lowest 31; long warm spell, more than usual rain; severe storms.

The severe storms constitute the most important summer weather feature. These storms are expected in the far northwest on my severe storm dates and they require about five days to cross continent and reach the Atlantic coast. The next severe storm is expected on the borders between Canada and Alaska near May 30 and should reach Atlantic coast near June 4. That is the last and only hope for May moisture.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Wedding Reception

A very pretty wedding reception was held in the assembly rooms of the Mohegan Building last Monday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Mott received and entertained about 300 of their friends in honor of their recent marriage. Mrs. Mott was formerly Miss Beatrice Jacques of New London, Conn. The reception hall was very beautifully decorated for the occasion with hundreds of potted plants, palms and ferns, and the overhead decorations following a color scheme of gold and white, were in the form of streamers interspersed with miniature paper bells filled with confetti. Each bell had attached to it a silk cord and later in the evening, as the dancing was in progress the confetti gracefully fluttered to the floor below as the various cords were released. Two long tables near the orchestra were completely filled with beautiful gifts of cut glass and silver, presented to the bride and groom by their many friends. The reception took place at 8:00 o'clock, special music being furnished by Mrs. Elizabeth Malool, Mrs. Maizie Lewis and John Hyde. During the evening a buffet lunch was served under the supervision of Lycergus Negus and Harry Douglas, local caterers. Music for dancing was furnished by an orchestra directed by Mrs. Louise Mitchell.

The out of town guests included Mr. and Mrs. William Jacques, parents of the bride; Muriel Jacques, William Jacques, Jr., Robert Jacques, and Miss Virginia Jacques, of New London, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Wright, Mrs. Stoddard and Miss Greene, of Hartford, Conn. and Orrin Spencer, of Providence.

The artistic decorations in the Assembly Room and Banquet Hall were arranged by Miss Gladys Steadman, Mrs. Hazel Lockwood, Mrs. Roy Payne, Miss Ruby Willis, Mrs. Eli Sprague, Mrs. Sylvanus Willis, Mrs. Eleazer Allen, Mrs. Eugene Ball, and Mrs. Ray Mitchell. The ushers were Merton Mott, Ottowell Dodge, Brainard Day and Ray Mitchell.

Hi Ball conducted the noon-day services at the Mansion the past week.

Two interesting lectures were held Tuesday afternoon in the assembly room at the Mansion. Francis White entertained with a vivid description of toe holds and wild geese, while Sam Rose, Jr., electrified the audience with a static address on evening gowns.

Chicken Supper

The Ambrosia Club, which recently gave a minstrel show for the benefit of Mohegan Council, O. U. A. M., were tendered a chicken supper and social by the Council in Mohegan Hall last Wednesday evening. The affair was in charge of Wm. F. Lewis, Lester Littlefield, Merton Mott and Lycergus Negus. Lycergus was chef and his dinner was one of the best that ever decorated the festive boards of the banquet room. During the evening a special entertainment was given under the personal supervision of Lester Littlefield and William Lewis. George Burgess starred in the burlesque toe dance and Admiral Lee Cass and his wooden Zouaves entertained with several grotesque military marches and close formation drills. As a "B" number the Zouaves presented the famous tableau, "United we stand, divided we fall."

Clarence Lewis and Mouse Holton rendered several whistling solos, John Hyde and Frank Ashworth demonstrated their skill in a hand-balancing stunt and the Hollywood Orchestra gave a jazz concert. Those present included Mrs. Hope Rose, Mrs. Maizie Lewis, Frank Ashworth, Lester Littlefield, Lycergus Negus, Merton Mott, Clarence Lewis, Lester Littlefield, 2d, John Phillips, Maurice Holton, Lee Cass, William Lewis, George Burgess, Millard Mitchell, John Hyde, Gene Kit Littlefield, Ed Grimes, Maurice Negus, Oscar Willis, Earle Lockwood and Joseph Perry.

Rev. Alice Haire, pastor of the Center Methodist Church for the past three years, has been chosen by the annual Eastern Primitive Methodist Conference to take the pastorate of the Second Church in Lowell, Mass. Rev. A. Hesford will return to Block Island after an absence of four years. The church has been very fortunate in securing Mr. Hesford to succeed Mrs. Haire, as Mr. Hesford, aside from being a very able preacher, is well known and popular among the citizens of Block Island and at the present time is president of the Eastern Conference.

Mrs. Louise Mitchell and Mrs. May Allen are enjoying a week's trip to New York, New London and Providence.

Mrs. Ella M. Lockwood and Rev. Alice Haire attended the annual Eastern Primitive Methodist Conference the past week in Lowell, Mass., Mrs. Lockwood being the delegate from Block Island.

Miss Eleanor Torrey and Milton Steadman supplied the pulpit at the Center Church last Sunday during the absence of Rev. Alice Haire. Miss Torrey conducted the morning services and Mr. Steadman delivered the evening sermon.

A whist and dance will be held tonight in Mohegan Hall at 8:30 o'clock under the auspices of Mohegan Council, O. U. A. M.

Our usually very accurate contemporary, the Newport Herald, speaks of City Clerk Sullivan. Can it be the prophetic soul of the newspaper that has voiced its insight into the future? Or has the limotype become so worn into a groove that it finds it impossible to set up any other name in connection with a city office?

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BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

For Week Ending May 18, 1923.

Prepared by U. S. Bureau of Markets and Crop Estimates

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES: The apple market has ruled firm throughout the week with sales of New York A34's barrelled Baldwins mostly around \$7.00 for good stock. String bean offerings have been liberal but there has been no improvement in quality and prices have held about steady and range from \$1.00-2.00 per 25 quart hamper. Heavy arrivals of cabbage have caused a big slump in prices and the market is from \$1.15-1.40 lower than a week ago and closed the week at \$1.50-4.00 per South Carolina and Alabama crate. The first Virginia cabbage has begun to arrive but is rather poor and is selling about 60c-1.00 per crate lower than Alabama and South Carolina cabbage. Iceberg lettuce is scarce and high priced at the close of the week being \$5.00 per crate or about 60c per crate higher than a week ago. The onion market weakened slightly during the week but became firmer toward the close and prices are practically unchanged on new Texas Yellow Bermudas which closed the week at a range of \$2.00-3.00 per crate. Supplies of Egyptian onions on hand have been cleaning up and the market has advanced slightly to a range of \$3.75-4.00 per sack. Old potatoes remain substantially unchanged with the main market rather dull. Trading is rather light and receipts are ample for all needs. Florida new potatoes closed the week steady at \$3.00 per barrel for Number ones, and \$2.00 for number twos. The strawberry market as usual has had its ups and downs but there is no definite swing of prices in either direction. North Carolina is now the heaviest shipper to this market although Louisiana is still shipping some and Arkansas has begun to ship a few cars here. Prices range from 15-15c per quart according to the quality of the stock.

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS: Dressed poultry market has been rather quiet during the week and sales have been harder to make. Fresh killed fowls are in moderate supply with only a fair demand. Some frozen stock moving but mostly in a small way. Poultry is 30c; 4-5 lbs. 35-35c; 1-3½ lbs. 25-25c; stages 4-5 lbs. 24-24c. Live poultry market holds about steady with receipts light and only a moderate demand. Choice fowl having the best call while ordinary grades are moving very slow. Poultry 37-37c, stages 20-20c. Butter market very firm due to extremely short supplies and good demand. Chain store prices have been reduced and consumption is showing considerable improvement. Receipts from the West are lighter and butter from nearby points is arriving in smaller shipments. Buyers continue to work on a hand-to-mouth basis and show but little inclination to stock ahead more than a few days. Sellers are endeavoring to keep floors clear but are not inclined to offer extra. Extras 15c-15c. Eggs: Trade has been quiet for the past few days as buyers were interested mostly in seconds and cheaper eggs. Some call for fresh gathered flocks with buyers willing to pay 27-28c. Receivers finding it difficult to make ready sales of storage packed eggs unless prices are shaded somewhat. Extras 31-31c. Extra firsts 25-25c. Firsts 27-28c. Seconds 25-25c. Storage packed firsts 29-29c. Nearby hen eggs 29-29c with fancy browns up to 31c.

(Distributed through the Boston Office of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Bureau of Agricultural Economics, 403 Atlantic Ave.)

An eight-man jury, sitting in a lawsuit in Judge Green's room in the superior court, Providence, made a new page in Rhode Island judicial history. On calling the case of Bajakian vs. Bajakian, involving the recovery of steamship fares from Constantinople to this country, the clerk announced but 11 names remaining in the jury "barrel." Both counsel agreed to proceed with this number on the jury, but three of the 11 were challenged. Counsel further agreed to plead their respective causes before the remaining eight, and the two-thirds size jury thereupon became fully legal and competent.

The strike of shopmen was the chief cause of recent poor service on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroads, which was submitted to the Connecticut House of Representatives. The committee investigated railroad conditions in this state at the direction of the general assembly. After declaring that the committee cannot determine who was to blame for the shopmen's strike, the report says the committee "does not see its way clear to recommend any legislation on this subject." The coal shortage and unusual weather conditions also contributed to the interference with normal railroad traffic, the report says.

Dr. Edgar O. Crossman, New England director of the United States veterans' bureau, pledged every resource at his command to help disabled former service men in need of assistance, in the course of an address he delivered at the initial meeting of the Suffolk county council of the American Legion. He began by saying that there is much just and unjust criticism being made regarding the work done in the veterans' bureau. He declared himself ready to pledge the cooperation of his organization to the American Legion in the fight that is being made to rehabilitate the disabled former soldier and sailor. Dr. Crossman cited figures to show the work that is being done in the district. He said that \$2,000,000 a month passes through the offices under his control.

For the first time in recent years an Eastern man has been invited to judge cattle at the National Dairy Show, in the person of Prof. J. C. McNutt of the University of New Hampshire. Professor McNutt, together with Prof. W. W. Yapp of the University of Illinois will judge all cattle of the Jersey breed at the national show, which is to be held this year in Syracuse, N. Y., Oct. 5 to 13.

It's a Safford to Many. "A small salary," remarked the Man on the Cor. who kept many a lad from swilling "Toledo Blade."

Happy Birthday. Happy is the man who has hadman's work in some plain place of the world. —John Adlington Symonds.

THOMAS J. JOHNSON

Veteran Showman Striving
For Cleaner Entertainment

Attorney Thomas J. Johnson, the "Judge Landis" of the showmen's legislative committee, insists that carnivals and circuses must be made cleaner, and intends to carry on a nation-wide drive in order to accomplish this.

DRY AGENTS IN NEW LINE-UP ON BORDER

Federal Force in Northern New York Reorganized, Chief Merrick Says.

New York.—With the coming of warm weather and the reopening of the highways crossing the border between the United States and Canada, Divisional Chief R. Q. Merrick has reorganized his force of prohibition agents in the northern tier of counties of New York so they can do more effective work in running down liquor smugglers. These agents, Mr. Merrick said, have been relieved of all duties except along the border. Heretofore the agents have been held responsible not only for the highways from Canada, but also for the county in which they happened to be stationed.

Reports to Chief Merrick show that the new arrangement is working satisfactorily and that automobiles and trucks laden with whisky are being captured every few days by the Federal men. Undoubtedly many whisky runners get by the agents, Chief Merrick said, for the force is not yet adequate. However, he added, additional men are soon to be put on border patrol duty and the chances of getting contraband liquor across the line into this country will be correspondingly decreased.

The agents in this state are being constantly shifted under the new plan, Chief Merrick continued, and within the last few days fifteen agents have arrived here from upstate points and an equal number have been sent from the New York office to take their places. Similar transfers will be made from time to time. Besides these transfers a score or more agents have been sent to other divisions.

No Federal agents were out looking for violations of the prohibition law in this city on Sunday. It was said, and prohibition headquarters was closed for the day.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

LONDON.—Mildness of Russian reply to Great Britain's ultimatum believed to have avoided break.

COLORADO, Tex.—Sixteen persons were killed and 100 injured in a tornado which tore through Mitchell County.

TALLAHASSEE.—Florida Senate adopts amended House measure abolishing the lash in all prisons permanently.

NEW YORK.—Charles M. Pratt, former ally of Rockefeller in Standard Oil Company, has just been judicially declared incompetent to manage his millions.

CHICAGO.—Student leader of Northwestern University says a trustee and attorney for school prompted him to spread "suicide theory" as to Leighton Moul's disappearance.

ATLANTA.—Emperor Simons, of Ku-Klux Klan, renounces fight on Imperial Wizard Evans, charging he collected \$100,000 and placed it to his personal account.

LAUSANNE.—The Near East peace conference, in the opinion of observers here, will break down unless the Allies back down from their demand that foreigners have special rights in Turkey.

PARIS.—Belgium, France and Luxembourg signed a commercial agreement.

PARIS.—Thirty youthful Russian communists from the Ukraine have been arrested in Poland for a plot to assassinate Marshal Foch.

LONDON.—The tense situation created by Great Britain's ultimatum to Russia and a reply, understood to be couched in defiant terms, now on its way here, was discussed by Cabinet Ministers in secret conference. Both Russia and Britain are making plans for a possible break in relations in the near future.

While visiting the Wallace school, Lewiston, Me., Dr. L. J. Dumont, city health officer, discovered a pupil ill of scarlet fever, the disease having reached the "scaling" stage. This pupil had been a regular attendant at classes during the entire run of the disease.

SIX KILLED IN AIRPLANE CRASH

Machine Was on Paris-London Trip When Engines Miss Fire and Flames Appear.

ONE PASSENGER JUMPS

Laurence Schwab of New York City and Miss Bates of Ithaca Victims.

Machine Falls Afire—Six on Board

Paris.—Six persons were burned to death in an airplane with seats for twelve passengers, plying between Paris and London, burst into flames in midair and crashed to earth near Amiens.

Miss Junliata Bates of Ithaca, N. Y., and Laurence von Post Schwab of New York City, were among the victims.

The machine operated by the Air Union Company, a French line, left shortly after 12:30 o'clock p. m. It was flying rapidly at a height of 10,000 feet, but when it was within a few miles of Amiens, near the village of Monsure, it was noticed that the engines were misfiring badly. In a few seconds fire was seen to break out and the plane came crashing to earth in a mass of flames, one of the wings becoming detached and completely throwing the plane off balance.

When eyewitnesses reached the machine in an open field it was still smoldering and the bodies of five persons who were aboard, including the pilot, the mechanic and a representative of the air line, were found carbonized, while a little distance away was the charred body of another passenger. The latter had jumped overboard with his clothing on fire as the machine neared the ground. A watch found in the wreckage had stopped at 1:48 o'clock.

The names of those aboard, aside from Mr. Schwab and Miss Bates, are given as follows: Pilot, Leman; mechanic, Robert; representative of the line, Pierrot; and a Norwegian named Unanen. The bodies were taken to Amiens and authorities immediately began an inquiry. The exact cause of the accident has not been determined, the twin engines in the preliminary tryouts at Bourget having worked smoothly and no difficulty was apparent aboard as the machine ascended.

Apparently the tragedy came without warning to its victims. All huge passenger craft carry wireless apparatus and from the time the machine left Le Bourget the mechanic on board kept in touch by wireless with the operator at Le Bourget without reporting anything wrong. It was at 1:30, about the time of the accident, when communication suddenly ceased.

The machine was a Farman Goliath biplane with twin engines of 300 horsepower each and with a wing spread of twenty-seven meters. It afforded all the luxury of a Pullman car and had been in operation since 1920, and was the largest type airplane of this route.

Descriptions of the accident differ, but all agree that when it was first seen in the vicinity of the accident the Goliath was flying at about 1,800 meters. There were low clouds, and the fact that the machine was flying so low was probably due to bad visibility.

According to one account, one of the wings appeared suddenly to become detached from the machine before it took fire and the machine then continued for about a hundred yards further with one wing gone and its engine missing before it plunged almost in a straight nose dive to the earth.

According, however, to a gendarme of Monsure, who seems to have been one of the few reliable eyewitnesses, the machine took fire first.

"I was making a tour in the fields," he says, "and was not observing the airplane when suddenly I had the impression of a great fire in the sky. I lifted my eyes and then I saw the plane, looking like an immense torch. It seemed to stand still for a moment and then quickly turned a somersault while debris of all kinds fell from it. The next second it was shooting to the ground, leaving in its wake a sheet of flame behind the village." He heard no explosion before the accident.

YOUTHFUL FIREBUGS ARRESTED

Two Boys Confess to Setting \$500,000 Grand Rapids Fire.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—Two boys, each of whom is 13 years old, have confessed, the police say, that they set fire to three furniture factories and an electric company building here recently, causing an aggregate loss of about \$500,000.

"We did it for the fun of it," the boys are said to have told the police. The youths are Donald Crampton and Ralph Bosch.

DETROIT ROADS EARN \$1,000,000

First Full Year of Municipal Operation Is a Success.

Detroit, Mich.—Detroit's municipal street railway, one year old on the stroke of 12, Monday night, has in the twelve months of its existence paid \$1,200,000 on its purchase price, met all other running expenses, set aside \$4,000,000 for a sinking fund, and shows a million dollar profit.

The profit is not in the bank, however. It has been used for betterments and extensions of the system.

The missing "big boat"—a 16-foot steel lifeboat—of the alleged runaway steam lighter John Dwight has been found. Dwight sank in Vineyard sound, with the loss of eight of her crew, the boat was found on the west end of Nauset Island by John Olsen, caretaker for the J. Malcolm Forbes estate, which owns the island.

MME. KALENIN

Russian Woman Refused
Entry to United States

Mme. Kalenin, wife of the "peasant president" of Soviet Russia, planned to come to the United States for a lecture tour, but the government refused to permit her to enter the country because of the execution of Vice General Butchkevich by the Moscow authorities. Mme. Kalenin is one of the most distinguished Russian intellectuals and has made herself famous, both as a writer and lecturer.

RADICALS MAP OUT WORLD COURT FIGHT

La Follette and Borah Arranging Speaking Tours to Oppose Harding's Proposal.

Washington.—From all accounts relayed here the country's interest has not been aroused over the World Court issue. Nothing that has drifted into Washington indicates that the statement of Governor Hyde of Missouri to Senator Lodge, that 500,000 Missouri Republicans are opposed to President Harding's proposal of American participation in the court reflects sentiment in other states. The people seem to be indifferent to both the President's argument in favor of American participation and the efforts of the League of Nations' enemies to show that dire consequences would come to the United States if it mixed up in anything pertaining to the league.

Plans are being made, however, to give the President's proposal the dignity of a major political issue. Senator Borah has accepted an invitation to discuss the court at a meeting in St. Louis on May 24. Senator La Follette will start next month on a tour of the country to discuss the court and other matters which he desires to bring to the attention of the electorate. But Mr. La Follette in his country-wide swing and Mr. Borah in general speeches he is scheduled to make will stress internal problems as thoroughly as the question of the United States joining the World Court.

Unlike Senator La Follette, Senator Borah is not to tour the country on a fixed itinerary, but he is accepting invitations to make addresses in various places, and it is evident that he already is arranging his plans for the next session of Congress and the pre-convention Presidential campaign, which will be begun while Congress is sitting.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

White House promises all-negro staff for negro veterans' hospital at Tuskegee, Ala.

President Harding declares support for inland waterways improvement and will devote one Western speech to subject.

One drug addict to every 500 persons in United States, North American Health Authorities meeting is told by experts.

United States is willing to confer with other powers on extending territorial waters to twelve miles from shore. This would mean a revision of international laws.

McAdoo men using spectre of Henry Ford to drive recalcitrant elements to his banner in campaign for Democratic nomination for President at next convention.

United States starts its "dollars and cents" service for exporters. Lists goods sought by foreign merchants in home markets.

Secretary Mellon announces \$400,000,000 Treasury note offering is heavily oversubscribed.

National Conference of Jewish Social Service opens in Washington. Considers annual budget plan for fund raising.

La Follette railway valuation conference will "cut more figure in Congress than in the courts," according to John E. Benton, of the National Association of Railway and Utilities Commissioners, who asserts that Valuation act has been complied with.

Advisory Committee of 100, including Julius Rosenwald, Col. Robert R. McCormick and Joseph E. Otis, of Chicago, appointed by Secretary of Interior Work to survey problems of American Indians and advise new policies as to manner of meeting court proceedings.

The Rhode Island Senate passed in concurrence an act extending for two years from July 1 the charter rights of the Southern New England Railway Company in Rhode Island. Senator McMeekin explained that assurance had been given the corporations committee that the company will complete its line from Palmer, Mass. to Providence.

BERLIN MUST CHANGE OFFER

Curzon Reply Hints at Intervention if Reich Takes Bonor Law's Identity Proposal.

HE VOICES DISAPPOINTMENT

Cuno's Reparation Proposals "Are Inadequate" and Invites New Ones Germans Should Have Foreseen Unfavorable Reception

London.—The text of the British Government's note to Germany in reply to Germany's recent reparations offer was made public. It is signed by Lord Curzon, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and says:

His Majesty's Government have given careful attention to the memorandum of your Excellency, communicated to me May 2, in which the German Government put forward proposals for a settlement of reparations.

This action on their part is well known to have been a sequel to the suggestion I made in debate in the British Parliament on April 20; and his Majesty's Government therefore have special interest in the response returned to that appeal.

I cannot conceal from your Excellency that the proposals of your Government come as a great disappointment and that the unfavorable impression they made on his Majesty's Government, as well as on the Allies, is one which, in my opinion, the German Government might and ought to have foreseen and therefore guarded against.

The proposals are far from corresponding, either in form or in substance to what His Majesty's Government might reasonably have expected would be made in answer to the advice I on more than one occasion ventured to convey to the German Government through your Excellency, and to the more direct indication to them in the speech referred to.

The main grounds for this legitimate disappointment are the following:

First.—The German Government offer in total payment of their acknowledged debt a sum which, falling far below the moderate amount forming the basis of the British scheme submitted to the Paris conference in January last, must have been known in advance to be altogether unacceptable to the Allied Governments. Furthermore, payment of even this inadequate sum is made dependent on a series of international loans, the success of which in the conditions predicated must be largely speculative, so much so that the scheme proposed by the German Government actually contains provisions dealing with the contingency of the loans not materializing. Moreover, the arrangements proposed under this head involve financial conditions less burdensome to Germany than if the loans were to be successful; so no real incentive thereby is held out for her to attempt to raise them.

Second.—The failure of the German reply to indicate with greater precision the nature of the guarantees they are disposed to offer is more particularly to be regretted. The Allied Governments, instead of receiving concrete and substantial proposals in this respect, are confronted with vague assurances which, in a business transaction of this kind, are lacking in practical value.

The disappointment is enhanced by the belief, which His Majesty's Government would like to entertain, that indications are to be found in the German memorandum that the German Government recognize the responsibility resting on them to make an earnest effort to discharge their obligations under the Versailles Treaty in a manner which the Allies could regard as both equitable and sincere.

If Germany did intend to open the way to an effectual and speedy solution of the problem, the failure to settle which is gravely disturbing the political and economic condition of Europe and, indeed, the whole world, then it seems unfortunate that she should not have shown keener appreciation of the lines on which alone can any such settlement be sought.

St. Johnsbury, Vt., is the second town in Vermont to adopt the town manager form of government. At a meeting of the village trustees and selectmen, following the suggestion of the town meeting, Ralph D. Sherry was elected town manager at a salary of \$3600.

TINY PIMPLES ON FACE BODY And Arms.. Very Itchy. Cuticura Healed.



"For some time I was bothered with an irritation of the skin. Later tiny pimples broke out on my face, body and arms. They were very itchy and caused me great discomfort during the night. I used different remedies without success. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and was completely healed in six or seven weeks, after using two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, together with the Cuticura Soap." (Signed) Victor C. Cantor, 299 New Main St., New York, N. Y.

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Promptly
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NEWS HAPPENINGS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Items Gleaned From All Parts of New England

A chase of 20 miles at a maximum speed of 70 miles an hour, with deputy sheriffs pursuing a high-powered run car, ended an hour after its start at Gray, Me., when the deputies' car smashed a connecting rod in its engine. The chase began at Blackstrap, where the officers surprised two men loading cans and kegs into a 12-cylinder machine.

More than 100 Yale undergraduates, with members of the faculty, and headed by Prof. William Lyon Phelps, marched from the Berkeley oval to the old Yale library to witness the presentation of a rare first edition of Robert Browning's poem "Pauline" to the library, in honor of the 111th anniversary of the poet's birth. The edition was recently bought at a cost of \$1000.

Harry Hingworth of Pittsfield, Mass., left a lighted cigarette on his bureau beside his pillow when he went to bed. At midnight he was awakened by a terrific explosion which blew out the windows and smashed the bureau and several chairs in his room. The cigarette had set off a box of powder on the bureau with which he had intended to do some shells.

Portland, Me. markets this summer may be without sweet corn from its usual source, Cumberland county if the European corn borer continues its activities. Sebago, in Cumberland county, and all of York county already are under quarantine because of that insect's depredations, and regulations forbid the shipping of corn from quarantined areas to other places not under the ban.

As a climax to insistent declarations that he was responsible for a series of crimes in various parts of New England, Paul Lindstrom, a mill worker of Westbrook, Me., hanged himself from the post of his bed. Continually, when reading papers, he would exclaim that he committed murders and other crimes mentioned. More than \$100 in bills was in his clothing. He lived there 40 years and came from Finland.

Extension of the "larger parish" idea for rural communities so as to include several churches of different denominations in one territorial unit was recommended at Biddeford, Me., by the Rev. Charles Harbudd, registrar of the Congregational churches of Maine, in an address before the 14th annual meeting of the Congregational Conference and Missionary Society of Maine. The Rev. Mr. Harbudd pointed out the satisfactory results which followed the establishment by the Congregational church of a "larger parish" in Aroostook county, which covered a section of the state 35 miles long and includes within its borders four organized churches and 11 school districts.

An appeal to the full bench of the Maine supreme court from the decision of Judge Warren C. Philbrook, who held the election at Orr's Island legal, will be the next step in the century-old controversy between the Harpswell Centre and Orr's Island factions of the town of Harpswell. Two elections were held on March 5, one in each town district. Two sets of officers also were elected. The Orr's Island group were declared the legally constituted officers, in a decree filed.

ALL GERMANY IS AGHAST

Admit They Received What They Might Have Expected.

Berlin.—Not since the text of the Versailles Treaty first became known has political Germany been so dumbfounded by any political document as by the Curzon note. It caused a rude awakening to harsh realities. The tone and contents both recalled the unpleasant truth, comfortably forgotten by most Germans, that Germany lost the war and must foot the bill. This truth is fully realized now.

SELL 300 PIGGLY WIGGLY STORES

Saunders Takes Measures to Meet His Bank Loans.

Memphis.—Clarence Saunders, the president of Piggly Wiggly Stores, Inc., proposed to sell 300 of his directly operated chain stores in order to get cash to pay off his bank loans on June 1 and retire enough "Class A" stock to pay postholders of it in full. "I will get straightened out and will make a new start," he said. "I've got Wall Street and the whole gang licked."

Counting Her Children

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

(Copyright, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Leota ran down the orchard path, lifting and fluffing her steps to her chant:

"Mister Bluster he loves sugar and tea, Mister Bluster he loves candy; Mister Bluster he can wheel and turn And how to the ladies hoo-dye! Cotton grows on sugar trees, Rivers run with brand-dee! The rocks and the hills are washed in gold,

And the gals are as sweet as 'can-dy!' Stop! That thing is indelible in this prohibition era! Major Lee said, rising upon his one elbow to frown at his young cousin. "Wonder could re-formation be made to work back-ward?" he went on. "If it could I'd try it—sure and certain."

"Whereabout would you get off in Time's backward flight?" Leota asked. He sighed. "You're quite too sud-den. The fault of extreme youth. But let me see! I think about seventy years back, when great granddaddy had his own orchard, own still, own bees, and made every year hushin' of peach and honey—if he was a preacher."

"Pff! Don't be such a piker!" Leota retorted. "Why not go to court—drink with the regent—or even King Charles! Every noble dunsel had a still-room all her own in those brave days."

"But somehow, I don't fancy mead and metheglin and such, by report. Give me 'brown October' ale, a cellar-ful, laid down when I was born, to be broached when I came of age," the major said, sighing reflectively. Leota smiled at him—but somehow her lips quivered the least as she quoted:

"When it came to slaughter, You will do your work on water, An' you'll like the bloomin' boots of 'im that got it!"

"Stop!" the major cried imperatively, springing half upright. "You—you make me remember—and I must forget."

"I'm sorry—so sorry," Leota whis-pered tremulously. "Do forgive me; I didn't think."

"I need to be forgiven—for cow-ardice," her cousin interrupted. "I am ashamed of myself."

"You mustn't be, I know," the girl said soothingly, rising and holding a hand to help him to his feet. He

would not take it, but came upright at last in a hard, scrambling struggle, yet smiled at her, saying: "Young woman, understand I'm not a pulling infant, neither quite senile; stop baby-ing me or I'll lose my amiability."

"I don't believe you're a man of full age and judgment," Leota cried, eager to meet his change of mood. "If you were, you'd surely be sitting pretty, all day and every day, 'long-side Miss Josep Mackin. She's willin' as daylight—also ready and waitin'. And she has got two hundred thou-sand mighty sound dollars—and a father, let us hope, in Heaven. Don't you feel it your duty to fetch that money into the family?"

"Why marry money? I shall have my pension—when I ask for it. Also a bonus—if I live till then," the major retorted, swelling out his chest and clucking his single hand. Leota shook her head at him, saying plaintively: "You're not thinking of your cruelty—to her. Think of what she suffers—her bobbed hair in curl papers every night, and a dough-face to take off her freckles."

"I see I must speak to your mother—you're running wild—talking so of your elders and betters," the major admonished. Leota made a face at him but ran on: "She's real good-hearted—I mean to be nice'n' ple to her when you make her my Cousin Josie. Say—when do you propose?"

"When I get the bonus—or the Greek Kalends—any old time, almost," the major laughed.

Leota eyed him severely, saying, with pursed lips: "Oh, it's all right—the bonus is comin'—same as the end of the world. No need to worry nor hurry—I'm sort of countin' on it to put by boys through college."

"Your boys!" the major exploded. "How dare you name such things? Don't you know all your grandmoth-ers for generations are blushing for you? Girls are not supposed to know anything about such subjects—th' they go and happen."

But kindly twinkles of deep brown eyes belied his words. Leota twinkled

back at him, saying demurely: "The granddads all happened—and you and me and all the rest of the world. I don't talk such stuff outside the fam-ily—but I have a heap of good things thinking over my children—what they will be, what I'll do for them—and how proud we'll be of each other."

"Settled on their names yet?" the major asked, not quite so demurely. Leota laughed softly. "Not quite," she said. "But what I'm sure of is—wanting twins for the oldest—so I can name them both for you. The eldest, of course, will be Carroll—but I'm a bit afraid I shall love little Dan best."

"Mother used to call me little Dan," the major interrupted, breathing hard. Leota nodded. "Mamma Niecey does still," she said. "She tells us all she's most a hundred, but ain't gwine die untill she sees erunner little Dan."

"Have you told Nelson Dabney your family plans?" the major asked, try-ing hard to smile. Leota shook her head. "I told you this didn't get outside the family: Nelson is a joy and a blessing—but he'll know—soon enough."

"He is a fine lad—I'm glad he was born just a year late for—the massac-ering," Major Lee said, his lips shut-ting hard.

"He doesn't agree with you; it's his big grief—he rails at Fate and the guardians who kept him out of things—and he a man of fourteen."

"He will want his sons to be sol-diers," the major said almost in a whisper. Leota answered, "Perhaps" in the same key, then fell silent. The major turned from her to stride up and down the long rows of trees, set by a joint great-grandfather, cherished by the seed of him until the present day. He had fought unbelievable odds in battle—nothing compared to what he now faced. He loved his blood, his name, his land—but he had come back to his healing all but hopeless, counting himself a wreck in Time's tide. Then love and sunshine and—yes—hope had brought the beginning of healing. But for his maiming he stood a full man, Leota's father had been like an elder brother to him—he had played with her mother. Now he was rising thirty, actually; counting by war wear, nearer fifty, perhaps. Naturally Leota had seen in him no more than a playmate kinsman, though the blood tie was distant. But loannely he had let him-self love her with all a strong man's late-come passion. And now he knew it was vain—she had chosen a younger, fitter mate; he must never let her guess what the choice meant to him. Henceforth his sole concern was her happiness, the fulfilling of her every wish.

At her soft call, "Come here, little Dan," he wheeled and strode to her. She caught his one hand and laid her cheek against it, saying dreamily, "You shan't ever have my Uncle Sam money—no bonus, no pension, while there's Lee land and Lee blood."

"That would be wicked; think of—the children," the major said, his breath coming hard. "I am thinking of them," Leota whispered, still dreamily, "because they will be—yours, as well as mine."

SHOWED WAY FOR EXPLORERS

Intrepid Traveler Failed in Quest, but at Least He Had Accomplished Something.

Jonathan Carver, son of a British officer, set out from Boston in 1769 to explore the wilderness north of Albany and lying along the southern shore of the Great Lakes. He conceived the bold plan of then traveling up a branch of the Missouri (or "Messorie"), till, having discovered the traditional "Oregon, or River of the West," on the western side of the lands that divide the continent, "he would have sailed down the river to the place where it is said to empty itself, near the Straits of Anian."

By the Straits of Anian, it is supposed, were meant some part of Behring straits, separating Asia from the American continent. Carver's fertile imagination, stimulated by what he knew of the remote Northwest, pictured that wild region where, according to a modern poet, "rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save his own dashing." But Carver died without the sight. In his latter years he said of those who should follow his lead: "While their spirits are elated by their success, perhaps they may bestow some commendations and blessings on the person who first pointed out to them the way."

The Age of Trees.

Experts declare that a cypress in Louisiana is 2,500 years old. At the birth of Christ that tree had been standing two centuries longer than the time that has elapsed since the first voyage of Columbus. Rome was a town of mud huts when that tree sprouted from the seed, and Nineveh, of which the prophet Jonah tells, was just destroyed.

Yet it is far from being the oldest known tree. The Santa Maria del Tule cypress in Mexico is estimated to be between 5,000 and 6,000 years of age, and some redwoods in California are placed at 4,000 years. The Mexican cypress antedates the birth of Abraham as the Louisiana tree does that of Christ, and the redwoods prob-ably were taller than any tree in Cook county when King Tut was told in his tomb—Chicago Journal.

How French Use Skimmed Milk.

It is said that in France 20,000 quarts of skimmed milk a day are used for making substitutes for horn, ivory, amber and such like things. The casein in the milk is precipitated by chemical process and then mixed with formalin. This produces salalith, or petrified milk, a hard, elastic, insoluble substance that is easily worked. The French dairy experts think that the demand for the skimmed milk for this purpose will be great enough to increase the profit to the buttermaking business by producing a ready market for the by-product.

HE-MAN'S JOB TO CLIMB EVEREST

Member of Former Expeditions Tells of Difficulties Involved in Reaching Top.

New York.—"Why did you want to climb Mount Everest?" This question was asked of George Leigh Mallory, who was with both expeditions toward the summit of the world's highest mountain, in 1921 and 1922, and who is now in New York. He plans to go again in 1924, and he gave as the reason for persisting in these repeated attempts to reach the top, "Because it's there."

"But hadn't the expedition valuable scientific results?" "Yes. The first expedition made a geological survey that was very valuable, and both expeditions made observations and collected specimens, both geological and botanical. The geologists want a stone from the top of Everest. That will decide whether it is the top or the bottom of a fold. But these things are by-products. Do you think Shackleton went to the South pole to make scientific observations? He used the observations he did make to help finance the next trip. Sometimes science is the excuse for exploration. I think it is rarely the reason."

"Everest is the highest mountain in the world, and no man has reached its summit. Its existence is a challenge. The answer is instinctive, a part, I suppose, of man's desire to conquer the universe."

This is pure romance, call it what else you will, and every man recognizes its touch. It leads into jungles and over deep waters and up through the high, thin reaches of the air. Its glau-morous trail goes through the doors of moving picture houses and up one flight to the chop suey restaurant. It is inherent in the "dare" of child-hood. It makes the timid boy dive from the pierhead, and it sent the British Royal Geographical society's and the Alpine club's expedition nearer the sky than any man had climbed before without taking out himself wings.

1,700 Feet Yet to Go.

The first expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical society and the Al-pine club cost £6,000 and only got as high as 21,000 feet. The second at-tempt cost £11,000 and reached 27,235 feet. That leaves 1,700 feet to go, and there is no telling how much it will cost to make the last spur. Moreover, it takes a long time to reach the place where climbing begins. The last stage of the journey is a five weeks' tramp across the Tibetan plains from Darjeel-ing, mile after mile of bare earth and rock, with meager patches of dried growth in the lee of a ledge or in a slight depression, showing where a lit-tle moisture collected in the spring and summer. The pack animals live on this poor fare. The human natives, whom Mr. Mallory believes to be the least virile of the Mongols, pushed into this desolate corner by their stronger kin, fare hardly better on tsamso, a coarse sort of barley meal.

Plans for assault on Everest are laid as carefully as for a military cam-paign. That, aside from the grit and stamina of the climbers, is the most important factor for success. "The lack of a cooking pot, an oxygen tank, a canteen or a rope, at the right spot at the right moment, may doom the ex-pedition. The party was able to go as high as they did by the establishment of a succession of base camps, the high-est being at 21,000 feet. This meant that each camp must have supplies suf-ficient not only for the climbers, but also for the porters, who were to carry the equipment necessary to make the next camp. In all, the expedition car-ried something over twenty tons of equipment, baggage and stores. Pack animals, mostly yaks, were used across the plain and up the slopes as far as the glacier. Beyond that point the work was done by fifty porters, men from the native state of Nepal, whose splendid strength and endurance hold out the hope of establishing camp at a still greater height."

Must Be Perfect Physically.

Other things besides time, money and executive ability were demanded of the expedition; the utmost quality of the climbers, for instance. Perfect physical condition is, of course, essen-tial, for under the most favorable con-ditions the strain of effort in those aw-ful altitudes is such that normal fitness is not regained for months after the ordeal. Good heart and lungs are the most important prerequisites. Even perfect organs would not avail without long mountaineering experience. The men were picked on their Alpine re-cords, not so much on the written record of so many feet climbed in so many hours as on the reputations that grow up through the gossip of mountaineers; That so-and-so is a fearful fellow to keep up with, that another is fast and sure and never tires. They had need for every bit of their skill, experience and strength in this struggle.

Perpendicular travel is slow at best, but on the higher slopes of Everest it slowed down to 330 feet an hour—about the length of a short city block, the distance that a good runner can make in ten seconds. Twenty-nine thousand feet of that is no week-end sport.

For instance, no mountaineer expe-riences vertigo. He wouldn't be one long if he did. The reason the untrained mortal feels dizzy on the brink of a thousand-foot drop is that his eyes find nothing to rest on. The mountaineer's eye is trained to vast spaces all about, and particularly beneath him. There is rarely a vertical wall to be climbed. Almost always there is a slight slope, and here a few degrees mean every-thing to the eye. Mr. Mallory says that personally he can use with equal-ity at the sky end of a few thousand feet of cliff or ice wall any footing that would serve him on lower levels.

A Useful Hint.

Here is a useful hint for incipient

mountaineers upon conduct during an avalanche, or rather in an avalanche. If it is of rocks and ice, the affair must be left almost entirely to the avalanche itself. Its constituent parts bounce. You are all right unless you conflict with a trajectory. There is little chance of dodging. Snow is another matter. Its tendency is to pull you under and crush or suffocate you. The point of endeavor is to stay on the surface and to keep your arms up above your head. In the avalanche which killed seven porters and halted his own attempt to reach the summit, Mr. Mal-lory found himself "swimming on his back." At the end the snow packed in such a way as to push him and others to the surface, instead of dragging them down.

"It's easy enough to breathe," he ex-claimed, "and while you keep perfectly still you feel all right. But when you try to move, you have a bad time get-ting started. Then you have to pump so hard to keep going that you wear yourself out. When I came back from the expedition, the muscles of my diaphragm were tremendously de-veloped just from breathing." (N. B. Why wouldn't breathing rarefied air be splendid training for opera singers?)

Oxygen, inhaled in small doses, will keep you from freezing to death. This fact a part of the expedition discovered during one night spent 25,000 feet above sea level, in the grip of a furious storm. The insane wind threatened every minute to sweep them and their tiny tent off the slope, and the cold gripped them with fatal creeping num-bness, to spite of their heavy woolen clothing, windproofed and electrically heated. Hot drinks were impossible, because the water boiled at such a ridiculously low temperature. Alcohol was a dangerous stimulant, from the point of view of altitude, not morals. Oxygen was the last chance and the first whiffs brought the tingle of re-turning life.

"Climbing in the Alps," said Mr. Mal-lory, "is wonderfully exhilarating, but scientists say that, above 18,000 feet, altitude is physically and mentally de-pressing. Your perceptions are all slowed down. For instance, toward the end we were making only 330 feet an hour. In the Alps we would have been going at four times that rate, yet I didn't realize that we were climbing slowly."

Depends on Oxygen.

Hope of ultimately reaching the very top of Everest depends largely on the increased use of oxygen and the estab-lishment of a camp at 27,000 feet. One scientist told Mr. Mallory that they should remain at that altitude for as many as five days, since acclimatiza-tion would greatly lessen the strain of exertion. The chief obstacles to this scheme are that every day of good weather must be used, and the diffi-culty of finding a possible camping place. There are no levels or adequate shelters. This makes it almost impos-sible to sleep and very hard to secure a tent. Some one has suggested that they blast a shelter out of the moun-tain side.

If a returned explorer is properly polite and becomingly modest, his man-ner will give you the impression that he has done nothing that any earnest and industrious young man might not get up and do. For instance, Mr. Mal-lory will tell you that his real job is teaching English literature and history at the Charterhouse school for boys. He was in the habit of spending every August in the Alps, and when he was asked to go with the Everest expedi-tion, he thought he'd do it "for a change." His chief interest is in writ-ing, and he had a book on Boswell pub-lished a few years ago. He could tell you a lot about Boswell if you weren't so obviously interested in mountains.

Be not beguiled, O, armchair ex-plorer! Stick to the comparative sec-urity of your subway strap. For this quiet young man's casual comment raises the ghost of such a tremendous adventure as the Beside him can scarce conceive of: of crawling along knife-edges in the teeth of a bitter wind; of chopping footholds up the face of a wall of ice; of moving on where each step may very reasonably be expected to be the last, and yet tak-ing that step, and the next, and the next after that; of pushing up and up in spite of frozen fingers and toes, in spite of laboring heart and bursting lungs, until death is certain just ahead, and then turning back just as steadily, to wait for the next opportunity.

German Artists Are Seeking Girl Models

Dresden.—Such a dearth of living models for artists has developed in Dresden, Munich and other art cen-ters of Germany, that the government art academy here has taken steps to remedy the situation.

In previous days one of the sights of Munich and some other cities was the market of models where artists regularly made their selections. It was a gay crowd which assembled, and usually there was a surplus of young women eager to offer their services as models of one kind or another. But times have changed, and in spite of the surplus of women in Germany, models are hard to get.

The art academy of Dresden has ap-pealed to the young women to come back to their vocation, and insists that even to the modern artist liv-ing models are absolutely necessary.

Doing Her Best.

Peggy was trying to tell me of some incident that happened yesterday and I could not quite get it and told her to talk plainly and she answered, "Why, mamma, I cannot explain it nicer."

"Seigniorage."

The difference between the intrinsic value of the metal in a coin and its face value is a profit made by the government. This is called seigniorage. Last year it amounted to \$21,000,000.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HAD HER FAILINGS

Florence Nightingale Depicted as Extremely Human.

Not by Any Means the Saint She Has Been Pictured, Though World Owes Her Much.

No saint in the calendar had a legend more firmly fixed and authen-ticated than Florence Nightingale. The public not only knew what she did, but was convinced that it knew what kind of a person she was.

She was the lady with the lamp, the gentle ministering angel, who went about through the hospitals in Crimea. She was the one who brought the femi-nine touch to war.

Mr. Strachey (in his biography) does not change the outlines of her story. That is a matter of historic record. She did all and more than we have been taught to believe. But he shows Florence Nightingale as an altogether different kind of person.

The feminine way to a masterful personality. Florence Nightingale was the stuff that successful politicians and captains of industry are made of. She appears as a formidable person, abrupt in manner, often bitter in speech, the terror of evil-doers and, still more, the terror of incompetent well-doers. She was strong-minded, neuroathetic, intense in her antipathies, and not pleasant to live with, but she got things done.

She was born in a wealthy family. She wanted to have her own way, but was never quite sure what it was to be. This was an endless trouble to her family, who never knew what to do with Florence, or rather what Florence would let them do for her.

When marriage was suggested, she writes: "The thoughts and feelings I have now I can remember since I was six years old. A profession, a trade, a necessary occupation, something to fill and employ all my faculties I have always felt essential to me. Everything has been tried—foreign travel, kind friends, everything. My God, what is to become of me?"

Then came the Crimean war with the breakdown of the hospital service. At last she had her own way. She won immortal fame.

The war ended, and Florence Night-ingale had 50 years of invalidism. But she was the same energetic, pugnacious personality. Almost to the end she refused to wear the halo prepared for her by the public which she continued to serve faithfully and acrimoniously.

We are made to feel that Florence Nightingale loved her fellow men, but not as an amiable person loves those friends whom he finds congenial. She loved mankind as a thoroughly conse-cious person might love his enemies. "Sometimes," says Mr. Strachey, "her rages were terrible. The intolerable fatality of mankind obsessed her, and she gnashed her teeth at it."

This is a triumph of biographical re-construction. We see Florence Night-ingale as great and good, though with very different "virtues"—Samuel Mc-Chord Crothers in the Atlantic Monthly.

Reform in Japan.

The Japanese nation has never been known for promptness in keeping its appointments; in fact, quite the re-verse has been true, and foreigners in that country often are irritated by what seems to be a national disregard of punctuality. Now, however, the electric bureau of Tokyo has taken a hand in the matter and at many tram stops in all sections of the city clocks are going to be installed to remind one that time flies. In addition to these numerous time recorders, 24 large clock time recorders, 24 large clock towers are to be erected in important sections of the city. When the instal-lation has been completed, a few weeks hence, the director of the municipal electric will not, he declares, feel further responsibility for his country-men who arrive late for their appoint-ments.

Phrases Used Long Ago.

The word "waitress" can be traced back to the Sixteenth century, when the countess of Pembroke, in her trans-lation of the Psalms of David into "divers and sundry kindes of verse," embodies it in the passage: "Unto thee . . . lift I my earthly see-ing . . . As the look of a waitress fixed on a lady lieth."

Nor ran any charge of novelty, he brought against the title of "doctress," whose ancestry appears to be of still greater antiquity. "Her grace . . . is mistress of troupe and doctrine of discipline" is an example from "Da-vid's Imitations," published as long ago as 1450; and Evelyn, in a letter to his fellow-diarist, Pepys, imparts the in-formation that "Hellen Cornaro . . . received the degree of Doctoresse at Padua."

Wants Tunnel to Asia.

Connection of America and Asia by tunnel across Behring strait was sug-gested by Prof. William Hung of the history department, Peking university, in a luncheon address at the Philadel-phia City Business club. America's fu-ture destiny was more closely bound with Asia than with Europe, he said. "It pays for America to be interested in the education of the Chinese," said Professor Hung. "If they are better educated they will produce more, they will earn more and they will buy more from America. If they are better edu-cated they will understand and appre-ciate better the American ideals and methods, and they will serve better with America in the great world task."

She was ten and I was eleven. I asked her if she would attend a party with me, and she said yes. When the day of the party arrived the told me she could not go because her moth-er was sick. I went to the party alone. When I got there I saw her there with another boy. This ended my first love affair.—Exchange.

QUAINT SPOTS IN NEW YORK

Frame Dwellings Still Nestling Among Skyscrapers Are a Connecting Link With Old Days.

No one has ever explained satisfactorily why a little white frame house should be considered so much more romantic than a red brick or a gray stone house of the same size. The fact remains that whenever our enterpris-ing creators of fiction want to provide the ideal setting for their simple coun-try girl heroine they always put her in a little white frame house.

And in plays where the hero and heroine, after three acts of storm and trials, settle down in a little love nest, it is always in this type of a house.

Consequently, "elf" dwellers have come to have a most romantic regard for this type of dwelling, and view the few remaining examples within the city limits with the same affectionate regard given to the old homestead. Strange as it may seem, excellent ex-amples of this type of architecture ex-ist within the heart of the city, and provide an interesting contrast to the towering buildings of our age.

Right in the heart of the roaring for-ties, just off Broadway, is a row of simple, two-story frame dwellings, under the shadow of skyscrapers like ghosts of a vanished generation, says a writer in the New York Sun. When they go there will vanish a row of quaint book shops, tea shops, coffee houses and antique dealers.

That some of the members of this generation prefer quaintness to new-ness is proved by the fact that in the fashionable eighties, just off Fifth avenue, a little white wooden house boast-ing that rarity, for New York, a real front porch, and a real back yard, is still used as a residence. Its homi-culate whiteness stands out sharply in contrast to the gloomy brownstone dwellings around it. It looks for all the world like a wedding cake in among some old chocolate pudding.

Another example of the moving pic-ture selling right in the midst of New York is found on the upper West side, just off Riverside drive. This little frame dwelling, in addition to wide porches and green blinds, boasts a real garden bounded by green hedges that are the envy of all the residents of the fashionable apartments that sur-round it.

That the quaintness is not unappre-ciated by the busy city dweller is proven by the frequency with which cameras are opened in front of these houses. Doubtless, many of these pic-tures are sent back home to the folks, just to prove that New York still has some real scenery.

Decentralizing a City.

A scientific plan for the future devel-opment of New York city, more thor-ough and comprehensive than any-thing of the kind ever before attempt-ed, and including all the territory with-in fifty miles of Battery park, is being begun by a committee of experts ap-pointed for the purpose by the Russell Sage foundation. The committee is known as the "committee on the plan of New York and its environs."

All suburban territory will be divid-ed into six sections and, one expert will make a particular study of its problems and of their relation to the whole plan. The survey will include consideration of every phase of city life with special reference to housing, transportation, zoning and recreation.

The ultimate object is the decentral-ization of New York to the greatest practical extent, possibly through the creation of self-contained suburbs or "satellite towns" whose inhabitants will find opportunities for work, edu-cation, religious observance and recre-ation without going to the center of the city. A preliminary report will be made October 1.

Formation of Waterspout.

A water spout is a remarkable me-teorological phenomenon, frequently observed at sea, and exactly analogous to the whirlwinds experienced on land. It occurs when opposite winds of dif-ferent temperatures meet in the upper atmosphere, whereby a great amount of vapor is condensed into a thick black cloud, to which a vortical motion is given. This vortical motion causes it to take the form of a vast funnel, which, descending near the surface of the sea, draws up the water in its vortex, which joins in its whirling mo-tion. The whole column, which after the junction extends from the sea to the clouds, assumes a magnificent ap-pearance, being of a light color near its axis, but dark along the sides. When acted on by the wind the column as-sumes a position oblique to the hori-zon, but in calm weather it maintains its vertical position and is carried along the surface of the sea.—Boston Globe.

Of Biblical Origin?

The phrase, "at sixes and sevens," probably owes its origin to the Bible—"six, yea seven" used in Hebrew to in-dicate an indefinite number, as in the Book of Job, chapter v, 19. It is also explained as denoting originally the hazzarding of one's fortune, or careles-sness as to consequences; in later usage it means the existence of a con-fusion or disorder. The idiom was in use at the time of Chaucer, and has been associated with an expression in slang, "to set all on cinque and six," these being the two highest num-bers.—Literary Digest.

Then It Will Be a Nuisance.

Barber—Shave, sir? Mr. Stubblebeard—I dunno. Do I need it?

Barber—Well, in about another year the children will be stopping you in the street to tell you what to do for them for Christmas.

Some people wake up in the morn-ing, wash their faces, and then wake up.—Louisiana Courier-Journal.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

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HOW

IDEAL METROPOLIS WAS PLANNED FOR KENTUCKY—The chief city of Kentucky, the "bluegrass state," was the "ideal city of the world," and, visualizing over their heads of life the day when the virgin hills of that frontier region of the New World, called Kentucky, beyond the rugged edge of the lands, assimilated by those recalcitrant colonists—should rise this wonder city—Lysistris.

"The chief city of Kentucky" was the designation put to Lysistris on a London map of 1764. But Lysistris never materialized. Otis M. Mather, of Holstonville, Ky., student of early Kentucky history, tells of the intended metropolis.

"The primeval forest still waves over the spot," Mr. Mather declared. "The site is located in the extreme eastern part of La Rue county, Kentucky, and the only thing that marks it is the post office and general store of Gleanings, a little village several miles away."

Muldraugh hill, a landmark in the vicinity, was to be the approximate center of the city and is still there.

Lysistris was to cover 15,000 square acres, divided into 25 blocks, each block with its individual park. Streets were to be 100 feet wide, and visionary structures and improvements were located and planned on a map in London.

But the Englishmen never came to Kentucky. In the days that have elapsed since, however, the bluegrass country to the east of Lysistris' proposed location has been transformed into a prosperous region known as one of the richest communities in the "New World."

IS ISLAND OF COMMUNISTS

How the Marxian Principle Has Been Made the Rule in Bit of Japanese Archipelago.

A Japanese contributor to *Polliten*, a home review of public affairs, believes that the Bolsheviki, in their eastward pressure through Asia, may find one place at least where they will need to make no converts. This is the little island of Hattushima in the Japanese archipelago.

Private property does not exist there. All movable and immovable wealth belongs to the community, and it is forbidden to buy or sell. The people live by fishing and cutting timber. There are some forty houses on the island. It is not permitted to add to their number nor is the population allowed to increase until it over-crowds these houses. When the number of residents becomes too large, the excess is forced to migrate.

Apparently this is an institution somewhat like the *ver sacrum* of the ancient Latins. There are no distinctions of rank and class, but the heads of families select a governor from their own number. Japan directly exercises her sovereignty over the island only once a year, during a religious festival when the births and deaths are registered. So far as records relate, the people live in peace and amity.—*The Living Age*.

How to Foretell the Weather.
A reliable weather indicator may be found in the breakfast table. If you hesitate to call up Forecaster Conger. The bubbles which rise to the surface of a cup of tea after a lump of sugar has been dropped in are influenced by the atmosphere, and their behavior will indicate the weather for the day.

If, when a lump of sugar is dropped into a cup of tea or coffee, the bubbles accumulate in a mass, which in a short while disappears, fine conditions may be expected. When the froth lingers and spreads over the surface of the liquid, settled weather is unlikely. If the bubbles range themselves against the sides of the cup and remain it is probable that there will be rain in a few hours.—*Detroit News*.

How Italians Practice Thrift.
Italian savings deposits indicate the prosperity of the working classes. Between June 30, 1918, and June 30, 1922, deposits in the ordinary savings banks of Italy increased from 4,034,770,118 lire to 8,671,862,077 lire, while those in the postal savings banks increased from 2,919,270,800 lire to 8,391,134,694 lire, making a total of 17,000,000,000 lire. Employment is less restricted than a year ago, and there have been few radical reductions in wages. Deposits show that earnings have been kept at a sufficiently high level to support laborers and their families and to allow a considerable margin for savings.

BLUEBERRY MADE LARGE INDUSTRY

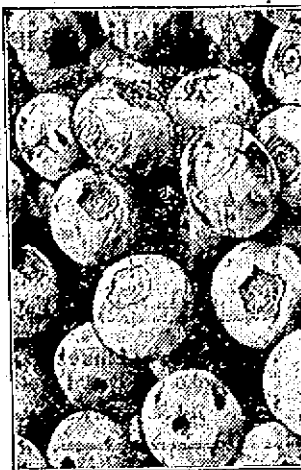
Varieties Bred With Berries More Than Three-Quarters Inch in Diameter.

ACID SOIL IS REQUIREMENT

About 20,000 Hybrids Have Been Fruited at Government's Testing Plantation at Whitesboro, Near Browns Mills, N. J.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

After experiments extending over 10 years, the United States Department of Agriculture has established the culture of the blueberry as a commercial industry and has bred varieties with berries more than three-fourths of an inch in diameter. The most outstanding cultural characteristic of the blueberry is its requirement of an acid soil. It does not thrive in ordinary rich garden soil that has a neutral alkaline reaction.



The Katherine Blueberry, a Department of Agriculture Selected Hybrid, With Berries Three-Quarters of an Inch in Diameter.

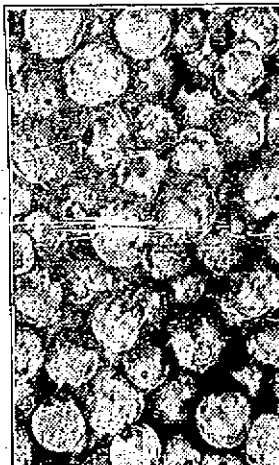
Besides with berries more than three-fourths of an inch in diameter. The most outstanding cultural characteristic of the blueberry is its requirement of an acid soil. It does not thrive in ordinary rich garden soil that has a neutral alkaline reaction.

Testing Plantation.

The department's testing plantation for hybrids is at Whitesboro, near Browns Mills, N. J. About 20,000 different hybrids have been fruited thus far. Propagation material of some half dozen of the best of these hybrids has been placed in the hands of several nurserymen, but only one of them has carried the propagation to the point of offering plants for sale, and only one variety of these hybrids, Pioneer, is as yet commercially available.

Misleading Advertisements.

Unfortunately a few nurserymen are taking advantage of the work that has been done in the domestication and improvement of the blueberry to deceive the public by advertising blueberries in a very misleading manner. One New York nurseryman has been using in an advertisement an illustration of a hybrid blueberry taken from a publication of the Department of Agriculture.



The Ordinary Wild Blueberry.

ture issued in 1916. The illustration is used in such a way as to lead the reader to believe that this firm has for sale blueberries of the kind shown in the illustration, when as a matter of fact ordinary wild blueberries, first transplanted to a nursery, are furnished in response to the advertisement. Furthermore, advertisements issued by this firm give very misleading information. In the February number of a well-known garden magazine, states that "by repeated transplanting, we perfected the root system of the plants" that "now, you may grow blueberries as easily as any other garden berries"; and that "starting with our nursery-grown plants assures success under all conditions." These statements give a very erroneous and misleading idea of the conditions necessary for success in blueberry culture.

Name Should Scare "Em."
It is estimated, says the United States Department of Agriculture, that from 300,000 to 400,000 pounds of para-dichloro-benzene was used against the peach borer in Georgia last fall.

Drills Do Good Work.
Modern grain drills, equipped with special attachments for seeding alfalfa and other fine seeds, do accurate work and result in even stands.

Fly in the Ointment.
The lucky man would be happy if he wasn't always afraid his luck would change.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Crystals" From Celluloid.
A nonbreakable watch "crystal" can be made from a piece of transparent celluloid.

HOW TO REDUCE LOSS IN SHIPPING SWINE

Many Hogs Arrive at Stockyards Dead or Crippled.

Waste Is Wholly Unnecessary and Greatly Reduces Amount of Marketable Pork and Decreases Profits of Farmers.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Figures recently compiled by the United States Department of Agriculture show that during a period of six months in 1922 there were received at nine of the principal stockyards of the country a total of 28,375 dead hogs and 33,708 hogs in a more or less crippled condition. These figures indicate a waste that is wholly unnecessary and that greatly reduces the amount of marketable pork and decreases the profit of the farmers making the shipments.

The department points out that nearly all of this waste may be attributed to improper handling of the hogs just prior to shipment. Quite often hogs about to be shipped are rushed to a small inclosure, penned up in a crowded way, and fed a heavy ration preparatory to being hauled or driven to the stock car. In getting them to the loading point, frequently, the animals are prodded, kicked, and hurried until worried into a highly nervous condition.

When ready for market, hogs should be assembled long enough before the date of shipment to allow them to become rested. They should not be crowded into small pens or houses, nor fed heavy rations. If they are driven to the loading point, they should not be rushed on the way; if they are hauled, too many hogs should not be crowded into the truck or wagon. The loading chutes should not be too steep, should be made secure and have the sides protected so the animals will not fall off. Crowding too many hogs in a car, particularly in hot weather, is likely to result in a number of them dying in transit. Loading hogs after a heavy feed is injurious. A little hunger is far better for them on the journey than indigestion. There is nothing to be gained in added weight of the animals by forced feeding just before shipping. The aim should be to get as many of the hogs as possible to the stockyards in good condition.

TREES REQUIRE CULTIVATION

Row Crops, Such as Potatoes, May Be Grown In Between—Soil Mutch Is Essential.

"Trees require cultivation just the same as any farm crop," says D. C. Mooring, horticulturist with the extension division of the Oklahoma A. and M. college. "Cultivated row crops, such as potatoes, may be grown in between the rows of the trees while young. As the trees enlarge in size less row crops should be grown until the entire space is left to the trees. A soil mulch established with whatever practical tool available, should be maintained about the young trees from early summer until the last of July during the average season. During a dry year continue your cultivation until August."

MORE ATTENTION TO FENCES

Very Little Real Building Has Been Done for Some Years—Labor in Repairs Wasted.

Very little real fence building has been done in a number of years, but a lot of labor has been put on old fences in trying to make them do service a little longer. Much of this labor has been practically wasted. No sooner is a fence that has outlived its usefulness, repaired in one place, than it breaks down in another, and before the breakdown is discovered, heavy damage has been done to some crop by live stock.

CORN MOST IMPORTANT CROP

Quantity of Yield Is Greatly Influenced by Quality of Seed—Let Hogs Harvest.

Corn is the most important crop in the United States, both in acreage and in value. The quantity of yield is greatly influenced by the quality of the seed planted. A practical way to decrease the cost of harvesting the crop if it is to be fed to hogs is to let the hogs do the harvesting or "hogging down" by turning them into the fields in the fall.

BASIS FOR FEEDING RATION

Corn Is Hard to Beat and Only Supplement Necessary to Purchase Is Protein.

Corn is hard to beat as a basis for any feeding ration. The only form of feed it will be necessary to buy to supplement corn is protein, and farmers are just finding out that they can produce much more of this at home than they once thought they could.

Plant Soy Beans in Corn.
Plant soy beans in your corn this year. Grow more of the protein feeds. They will help you cut down on your tankage and oil meal cost.

Rye as Nurse Crop.
Rye has been used successfully as a nurse crop for alfalfa, but barley, wheat and oats are more commonly used.

Assortment Regrettably Full.
Takes all kinds of people to make a world, and there are plenty of unnecessary kinds left over.—*Wall Street Journal*.

Sparrow Continues Its Travels.
The ubiquitous English sparrow is working its way around the world. It invaded Alaska last spring.

MILADY CHOOSES STYLES TO SUIT

Will Be Women's Fault if They Fail to Select Proper and Becoming Clothes.

The American woman looks to the designers of her own land for her best expression in clothes, and this season much has been done to please the smartly dressed woman, writes a fashion correspondent in the *New York Times*. The designers say we no longer must be extremely young in our appearance, neither must we make any effort to be too noticeably dignified. We are to be allowed, it seems, to choose our own styles from among so many models and designs that it will be our own fault if we should fail to find just the proper and most becoming thing.

Among the many creations we find high lights. They are important in that they go to make up the fashion, but none of them is so startling as to constitute a complete change. The gowns as they appear to the casual eye are still straight and rather long. But the straightness is made up of more fullness of material than



The Three-Tiered Skirt, Indicative of Spring Styles in Daytime Wear.

has been the case in the past. The length is a static thing that stays where it was through the last season, and, in some cases, is shorter by some inches. The tailored suits of tweed, for instance, will be quite short, and as the skirts are light they are often slit at the left side, so that the leg appears when walking almost up to the knee.

One designer goes so far as to believe that American women eventually will wear bloomers, instead of petticoats, under all of their daytime dresses. She is making models of printed crepe, of white broadcloth, of rajah silks—in fact, of any fabric that is used for wear during the daytime.

The skirts open at one side all the way to the waistline. They button at the hem with three buttons. They can be left closed or swing open and loose. And the bloomers underneath, made of the same material, serve to complete that dress.

Sleeves Large and Flowing.

Sleeves are still large and flowing in many of the costumes. They are trimmed gorgeously. In some of the suits and dresses they hold the center of interest, pushing all other features of the design aside. As the skirts grow wider and are trimmed with flouncings and panelings, the sleeves sink into a secondary place, and then, in their humility, are made short and tight and with no trimming whatsoever.

Draped dresses are the order of the day. The silk or crepe or the light woolen material is taken in hand by the clever designer and the folds are swirled and swooped about the figure until there results a frock that is simply a series of beautifully conceived lines put together in a miraculous way. For these dresses there is little or no trimming. If there is a grille or a buckle or a bow to finish off the ending of their folds, these decorations are done in colors and shapes that harmonize splendidly with the general design of the frock itself.

Evening frocks are in two distinct classes. One of these is the draped class, and the materials used in making are crepe and satin and moire, the latter being the newest thing upon the horizon. Then there are the frocks with full skirts and tight little bodices. They are made from taffeta or many layers of chiffon and they are particularly quaint in their designs, suited to the more youthful types of figure, which can afford to carry about layers of fullness and many bows with dripping ribbon trimmings.

Printed Dress Is Featured.

The printed dress is one of the features for spring. One sees it everywhere. There is no end to the patterns and designs and the combinations of color that are represented by the frocks of printed silk. They are made, usually, over the plainest of models. But they certainly are becoming and beautiful if the extreme, and every woman is likely to decide upon having at least one of them. When the whole dress is not made of the printed material, then half of it manages to show a pattern, and the lower part of the dress is made of a woolen material or a plain silk or something that contrasts with the pattern of the silk above. There are

printed silks and printed chiffons, all of them most interesting when made up in the plain little frocks which will be popular all through the spring and summer seasons.

Dresses for the street are made of the softest of woolen materials, some in kasha cloth, some in lightweight velours and others in wool crepes. One of the newest outlines is the skirt with three tiers. These frocks are made over a circular pattern, a skirt that is particularly becoming to the slim and youthful figure. The dress of this character has trimmings of black around the edges and the frock itself is made of a light shade of tan. After the black has been applied along the edges there ensues an interval of black and white striped ribbon that helps to accentuate the decoration.

Wraps for the spring are made along large and ample lines. There is, first of all, the straight coat, which lies on the side with a bow of satin and usually has a huge bow of ribbon ribbon to tie the coat together on one side. There is a fur collar, too, and a straight line to the coat which carries out the idea of the silhouette of the season. Some of these coats are embroidered in all-over designs and there is no portion of the coat which is left without that embroidered ornamentation. Even the collars are embroidered and made so wide that they fold about the throat in a graceful manner.

Short Coats Are Draped.

There are short, graceful and draped coats which will be a strong feature of the early spring styles and they promise to carry over into the summer. A short coat can be made of almost any material. It may be embroidered, made of some brightly colored fabric, or it can have the same tone as the skirt; made of another sort of material. The fact is that there is so much chance with these little bloused jackets to create differing and unusual effects that they have been pointed upon by the smart women and worn so that they display the foremost elements of fashion.

Light-colored short coats will be worn with white skirts or lighter-toned dresses. And the dark coats covered with embroidery will be worn with the darker toned silk dresses during the early spring to demonstrate the fashion as it exists at present.

There are some straight box coats to be seen and these are made of the same materials that go to make up the shorter boxline coats. Then we are working our way slowly toward a three-quarter coat which will be popular about the middle of the summer.

Many of the three-piece suits are made with short coats that come to a long waistline and end there, showing a skirt that is made of the same material and a bodice or a top to the skirt that is made of some brilliantly contrasting material.

Many of the three-piece suits show coats that are exaggerated in their shortness, but others are displaying coats longer and more conservative in line. If a woman is at all large about the hips she does not want to indulge too strenuously in the coat that spans across the hips, but she can well afford to adhere to the coat that is of three-quarter length and without a belt or anything to accentuate the hip line or the waist. Many of the costume suits are made on this general plan and they are really the most satisfactory things that the American designers have produced. They show a surface that is dark in color or light in tone with the same shade running all the way from the shoulders to the



The Tweed Suit Will Be Simple in Line and Plain in Finish.

heels, and then they have blouses or bodices, as the case may be, that are brilliant and altogether charming in their coloring. When the coat swings apart in the front, as it always does in the springtime, the blouse underneath plays a large part in the design of the costume as a whole.

This vogue for the costume suit has brought the blouse into much greater prominence than it has held for some time past.

How It Excelled.

When the punitive expedition was in Mexico in 1916 and 1917, one of the newspaper correspondents asked a negro trooper of the Tenth cavalry what he thought of Mexico. The trooper studied a minute and then answered: "Well, boss, there is more cows and less milk, more rivers and less water, and you can see farther and see less than any country in the world."—*Judge*.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WHY Shellfish Beds Should Be Protected From Birds

Complaints that ducks destroy numbers of commercially valuable shellfish in Massachusetts have been received and investigated by the United States Biological Survey at Washington, which reports that all the important shellfishing grounds of the state were visited, testimony was taken, observations made and specimens collected. Of the 11 species of wild fowl the stomachs of which were examined, none had eaten a significant quantity of shellfish other than the common mussel or the scallop. As the mussel is unimportant, the inquiry resolved itself into the study of the relation of wild fowl to scallops.

"Scooters," or "coots," of two species, reports the survey, were found to be the chief offenders. The yellow-billed coot is not so hairy as the white-winged and at season when damage to scallops is said to be greatest, in the most severe part of the winter, comparatively few of this species are present. The white-winged coot, however, is abundant and makes nearly half of its food from scallops. The bird does no good to offset the damage which it does and the economic status is a problem.

"Fishermen want the open season extended so that they can shoot the birds, but it is inexpedient and impracticable to extend the season on a single specimen of duck. It has been found that scooter and other wild ducks are easily driven away from the scallop beds by running a boat near them. They feed on the beds only by day. It would seem, in the opinion of the survey, that scallop fishermen should be willing to undertake the small cost of patrolling the waters over the scallop beds from which their income is derived, but for the upkeep of which they are at no expense."

GET RICHES FROM RUBBISH

Why Cities of the Old World Have Revenues Which Are Unknown in America.

This country is looked upon by the less beautiful and more thrifty countries of Europe as a land of great extravagance and waste. In Paris, long before the householder is awake, a whole army of scavengers and gleaners has passed through his back lane and ransacked his garbage tin, some collecting hair, some rags, some bones. By eight o'clock in the morning there is very little left for the regular department to carry away. Modern science has discovered ways of turning almost every kind of rubbish into something useful. Refuse is burned in specially constructed furnaces and the heat produced generates steam to drive the dynamos that produce electric light. The ashes are used to make concrete. Soapworks, instead of flowing away to pollute the streams and rivers, are strained, mixed with lime and pressed into fuel bricks which when burned give out a greater heat than coal gas would produce. The carcasses of a horse may be put to almost endless uses. The hair is woven into haircloth or used to stuff mattresses. The hide makes good leather. Glue and gelatine are obtained from the tendons. The bones reappear as knive handles and buttons. Other by-products are prussiate of potash and artificial manure. Fish scales are the material from which some of the most beautiful artificial pearls are manufactured.

How Birds Soar.

How birds soar remains an unsolved problem. Observation has failed to detect their method, and theories need confirming facts. The writer hoped to get some new light on the matter when once from the edge of a cliff near the top of Mt. Fremont he watched through powerful glasses a golden eagle calmly sailing in circles below him, apparently in perfectly quiet air. He had studied such soaring from below, and had discovered no movement of the wings. Perhaps, he thought, something more could be seen from above a bird, but he failed to detect a single quiver. The wings were absolutely motionless. Yet he knew that if he shot a rifle ball through that eagle's heart it would tumble to the earth head over heels, and that its outstretched wings would little hinder it.

Why Vibration Affects Sound.

It is said that certain experiments have shown that a vibration of sound having an amplitude of less than one-twelve-millionth of a centimeter could still affect the sense of hearing. Such a vibration would be so short that it would have to be enlarged 100 times before the most powerful microscope could render it visible, supposing that it were capable of being seen at all. Old persons, it is said, do not hear high notes which are audible to young persons and there is reason to believe that babies hear notes that are inaudible to their elders.

Why Eastern Peoples Like Pearls.

In Persia and Arabia pearls are believed to be conducive to contentment of mind, body and soul, and the beauties of ancient Egypt, about the time of good old Tut-Ankh-Amen, took pulverized pearls to make their eyes big and brilliant, just as atropine is used today. The Hindus, who recognized only four shades in the color of pearls—yellow, honey, white and blue—wear the honey, to get understanding; the third to bring fame and the fourth, the blue pearl, to bring them good fortune in any of their undertakings.

How French Got Nickname.

The nickname "frogs" was first applied to the people of Paris by the courtiers. The streets of the city were so quaggy that the inhabitants were nicknamed "Jean Crapaud." (John Frog); while the city was known as "Lutetia" or "Mudland."

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, May 17, 1873

The talk about Newport's being "deserted" the coming summer, seems not likely to be verified by the facts in the case. Cottages are renting with great rapidity, and if we could have a few days with the appearance of summer about them the unrented cottages would be few.

Old Mr. Isaac Carr of Jamestown, on Monday last, feeling that the important event of steam connection for the island with the outer world ought not to go unnoticed, took down his old flint lock, and as the steamer neared the shore, fired a salute of three guns. He then retired, feeling that he had done his share of a celebration.

The city election of Providence was held Wednesday. Mayor Doyle was elected for the twelfth or thirteenth time, and the rest of the Republican ticket was chosen.

Mr. George H. Norman of this city, who was employed by the Leominster, Mass., Water Board, for consultation and engineering and for whose services \$100 were paid, has given the amount to the same board for a public fountain.

Two thunder showers the past week indicate that summer is coming. Although its approach is slow, it is none the less sure to make its appearance between this and fall.

Philip Caswell, Jr., expects to sail for Europe in a few days to be gone some three months.

The new steam fire engine for the Sevens is expected to be completed early in June, and then look out for a big celebration. General Burdick is already planning out the order of things for that occasion.

Dartmouth College is the possessor of a battery of thirty-six cells, which was used by Franklin in his celebrated experiment. It was brought to America by Dr. Priestley at the time of the Irish riots. After Franklin owned it, it fell into the hands of Dr. Prince, and finally it was obtained by the grandfather of Prof. Young, who at present has it in his possession.

A ten-year-old Newport boy, boasting of his father's accomplishments, said: "My father can do almost anything. He's a notary public, and he's a poet, and he can pull teeth, and he's a horse doctor, and he can mend wagons and things, and he can play the fiddle, and he is a jackass at all trades."

Early garden stuff is coming up finely, owing to a warm sun, and the hens next door.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, May 21, 1898

The committee of Washington Commandery are hard at work on preparations for the visit of that body to the twenty-seventh triennial Conclave, to be held in Pittsburgh, Penn., in October. The Commandery will leave Newport Saturday, Oct. 8. They will go by the way of Gettysburg, where they will dine and visit the battlefields. On the return they will spend a day in Washington. The committee in charge are Arthur B. Commerford, Thacher T. Bowler, William B. Scott, Edward G. Hayward, Joseph Haire and Sidney R. Gladding.

A number of members of Portsmouth Grange have formed themselves into a fair organization under the name of Newport County Agricultural Fair Association, and have been chartered by the State with the following officers: I. Lincoln Sherman, Middletown, President; Warren R. Sherman, Portsmouth, Vice President; Edward R. Anthony, Portsmouth, Treasurer; Wm. H. Gifford, Portsmouth, Secretary; Walter B. Chase, Geo. E. Sisson, and John P. Fritz, Directors.

At the first meeting of the Island Artillery Co., held in the town hall, Middletown, Saturday evening last, there was a large and enthusiastic number present. J. Overton Peckham was elected Captain, Herbert Chase 1st Lieutenant; John T. Carr 2nd Lieutenant. The other officers were Benj. Caswell, Harry E. Peckham, Edmund A. Albro, Wm. G. Brown, Borden L. Sisson, Arthur A. Brigham, J. Edward Willard, Eugene L. Coggeshall, R. S. Peckham, William R. Hunter. The company is organized for the protection of the island of Rhode Island.

Further accommodations for removing the residents of Newport in case of the bombardment of the city by the Spanish fleet, will soon be ready.

Two new cars for the Newport Street Railway have arrived.

Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Robinson are visiting friends in New York and New Hampshire.

Major A. A. Barker and Captain Herbert Bliss were the recipients of handsome tokens of remembrance from members of the Artillery Company and others on Tuesday. Lieut. George Tilley of the Artillery visited the camp at Quonset Point, bearing an elegant saddle for Major Barker and a sword and belt for Major Bliss.

Mrs. Asa B. Kernan will start today for a three months' visit to friends in Illinois, Iowa and Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Brown of Norwich, Conn., are spending a fortnight with their daughter, Mrs. C. M. Cole.

The Great Sun Council of the Great Council of Rhode Island, Improved Order of Red Men, was held in Natick Thursday. At the election of officers, Frank G. Scott of this city was elected Great Sachem and Hugh N. Gifford Great Sannap. Woonat Shasitt Tribe of this city was represented by James H. Barney, Hugh N. Gifford, Fred U. Gladding, Arthur L. Gilman, Edward Gilman, Charles F. Harrington, George A. Lake, Harry M. Peabody, Frank S. Patterson, Frank G. Scott and J. Gottlieb Springer.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen a resolution was adopted directing the Newport Electric Corporation, the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Newport & Providence Railway Company to remove all poles, overhead wires, cross-arms, transformers and other appurtenances to the poles from Equality Park Place to the One Mile Corner with the exception of such poles as are necessary to support the trolley wires. The resolution was introduced by Alderman Kirby, and Alderman Martin voted against it on the ground that it might conflict with the franchises held by the companies as well as cause an increase in rates for electricity and transportation. The resolution as adopted calls for the work to be done while the construction work on Broadway is going on, and to be completed by November 1.

Messrs. John Mahan and William P. Sheffield appeared before the board as representatives of Emmanuel Church to protest against the removal of any of the handsome trees on Dearborn street. This was in opposition to a petition presented by a property owner on that street asking for the removal of a tree to permit him to make a driveway on to his property.

Mayor Sullivan called attention to the fact that the bad holes on Broadway must be filled in. The trenches dug by the public service corporations have settled until they are a menace to travel.

A large amount of routine business was transacted and many licenses or various kinds were granted.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE received at the Office of Stone, Carpenter & Sheldon, Architects, 49 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I., until 12 o'clock, May 31, 1923, for additions and alterations to a ward building at the Newport Hospital, Newport, R. I.

Plans and specifications may be obtained at the office of Stone, Carpenter & Sheldon.

5-19-1w

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., May 23rd, A. D. 1923.
BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3244 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 13th day of January, A. D. 1923, and returnable to the said Court July 23rd, A. D. 1923, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 13th day of December, A. D. 1922, in favor of the City of Newport, the City and County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, plaintiff, and against Dennis Shanahan, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock a. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Dennis Shanahan, alias, had on the 31st day of August, A. D. 1922, at 45 minutes past 10 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in the City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:

All those certain lots or parcels of land with the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in the said City of Newport, and bounded and described as follows: Situated on Western side of Thames Street: Northernly on an alleyway leading from Thames street to Duke street; Easternly on Duke street, and Southernly on land now or formerly of Henry B. Stevens and now or formerly of George B. Hazard, or however bounded, said land being the same premises conveyed to John Shanahan by two deeds in separate dates, one dated from John A. C. Stacy dated Jan. 11, 1833, and recorded in Volume 533, pages 321 and 322, of the Land Evidence of said Newport, and the other dated April 6th, 1835, from Thomas Stevens, and recorded in pages 103 and 104 of the same volume, an interest which the said Dennis Shanahan has as heir of said John Shanahan.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1923, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., May 14, 1923.
For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the seventh day of June, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., May 7th, 1922.
Estate of Mary E. Smith

JOSHUA P. SMITH and EMER A. DICKENS, co-executors of the estate of Mary E. Smith, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, present their petition, representing that by a sale of real estate of said deceased in and to certain parcels of land which said deceased owned, the expenses of his funeral and of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased at the time of his death, was seized and possessed of one certain tract of land with the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in the western part of New Shoreham and bounded Westernly on the Ocean, and Easternly on beach land of Emory A. Perkins and land of Ella C. Dunn, Easternly on Muddy Pond, land of Emma Mott and land of Freeman Mott, and Southernly on land of Robert Rose, or however bounded, it being the "rest and residue" of the estate of said Mary E. Smith, and further representing that by a sale of only a portion of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein.

AND praying that they may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or such part thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the deficiency of the personal estate of said deceased, and said petition is referred and referred to the 4th day of May, A. D. 1923, at 3 o'clock p. m. at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration and order thereon, that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., February 6th, A. D. 1923

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3155 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 1st day of February, A. D. 1923, and returnable to the said Court August 1st, A. D. 1923, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 13th day of December, A. D. 1922, in favor of the Newport Trust Company, a corporation created under the laws of the State of Rhode Island, plaintiff, and against Dennis Shanahan, Mary E. Shanahan, Patrick H. Morgan and Constant Smith, all of said Newport, defendants, I have this day at 10 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendants have in and to certain lots or parcels of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:

All those certain lots or parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in the said City of Newport and bounded and described as follows: Easternly on land formerly of John Stevens and now of Della O. Ledy; Westernly on land late of John Shanahan, deceased; and Northernly on an alleyway leading from the said Westernly side of Thames street to a way; Easternly by land late of John Shanahan, deceased; and Southernly by land formerly of Hazard and of Stevens and now of Della O. Ledy, an interest in which Dennis Shanahan has as heir of John Shanahan.

Northerly by the parcel of land hereinafter described; Easternly by Greenough Place; Southernly by land of Patrick J. Murphy; then Easternly again by land of the said Patrick J. Murphy; then Southernly again partly by land of the said Patrick J. Murphy, Court and partly by land now or formerly of the heirs or devisees of Henry B. Hazard, deceased; Westernly, by land now or formerly of the heirs or devisees of Elizabeth Hazard, et al. and also that certain lot or parcel of land in said City of Newport, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the Northeast corner of the parcel of land hereinafter described, on Greenough Place, and running Southwesterly to the intersection of one hundred and sixty-two and eighty-four hundredths (162.84) feet to a driveway, bounded Southernly, by the parcel of land hereinafter described; thence running Northwesterly, and bounded on said driveway, one hundred and ninety-six hundredths (196.66) feet to land of Anna E. Leary; thence running Southwesterly, bounded Northernly, by said land of Anna E. Leary, one hundred and thirty-four and five-tenths (134.5) feet to Greenough Place, and thence running Southwesterly, and bounded on said Greenough Place to the point of beginning. Being said same premises conveyed to Mary E. Shanahan by deed dated March 19th, 1923, and recorded in the Land Evidence of said City of Newport in Volume 51, at page 60.

Northerly, on Prospect Hill street; Easternly on land formerly of John Langley and now of Michael Harrington, Jr.; Southernly on Franklin street; and Westernly on land formerly of Joseph A. Jammett, and now of George W. Hacheller, Trustee. Being the premises conveyed to Pat. H. Morgan and Dennis Shanahan.

Southeasterly on Broadway, fifty-seven and six-tenths hundredths (57.6) feet; Southeasterly, on land of Patrick Burke, one hundred (100) feet; Westernly, on West Broadway, fifty-one and four-tenths (51.4) feet; and Southeasterly, on land of Timothy Sullivan, forty-four and sixty one-hundredths (44.61) feet and on land formerly of Patrick H. Morgan, deceased, and now of Patrick H. Morgan, deceased, one hundred and twenty-two (122) feet wide, across the extreme western portion of said land of Patrick H. Morgan, deceased, by deed dated January 17th, 1923, and recorded in the Land Evidence of said City of Newport in Volume 51, at page 57. Northernly, on Collins street, one hundred and forty-six and twenty-five hundredths (146.25) feet; Southeasterly, on Broadway, thirty-three and forty-two hundredths (33.42) feet; Southeasterly on land formerly of Maria L. B. Gratix, and now of Constant Smith, one hundred and fifty-eight and thirty-five hundredths (158.35) feet; Northernly on land formerly of Joseph P. Santos, eighty-three and four-tenths (83.4) feet. Being the same premises conveyed to Constant Smith by deed dated February 27th, 1922, and recorded in the Land Evidence of Newport in Volume 77 at page 527.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1923, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., May 14, 1923.
For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the seventh day of June, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Probate Court of Middletown, R. I., April 16, 1923.
Estate of Arnold James

EZRA S. JAMES presents to this Court his petition in writing, praying that a certain instrument in writing therewith representing the last will and testament of said Arnold James, late of said Middletown, deceased, may be proved and allowed, and letters testamentary issued to him, said petitioner, as the executor of said will.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to the Probate Court to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twenty-first day of May next, A. D. 1923, at 10 o'clock a. m. and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, at least in the Newport Mercury.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, May 10th, 1923.
Estate of Bridget Sullivan

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Bridget Sullivan, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and is received and referred to the 4th day of May, A. D. 1923, at 10 o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

When the Civil War broke out hardly any Northern state had any militia system whatever, and yet when President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers, Massachusetts and New York had troops on the way to Washington in forty-eight hours after the receipt of the call. Rhode Island was but a few hours behind.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., Dec. 13th, A. D. 1922.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number No. 2111, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the 11th day of December, A. D. 1922, and returnable to said Court June 11th, A. D. 1923, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 11th day of December, A. D. 1922, in favor of the State of Rhode Island, plaintiff, and against Dennis Shanahan, defendant, I have this day at 11 o'clock a. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Dennis Shanahan, had at the time of this levy, in and to certain lots or parcels of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Situated on Western side of Thames street, forty-two and twenty-five one hundredths (42.25) feet; Southeasterly, on land of Almira Harris, one hundred and one and four-tenths (101.4) feet; Southeasterly, on land of William Stoddard, forty-seven and one-tenth (47.1) feet; Northernly, on land of Mary C. Young, one hundred (100) feet; Being the same premises conveyed to Thomas Matthews by deed from Julia C. Thompson, dated July 19th, 1915, and recorded in Volume 106, page 523 of the Land Evidence of said City of Newport. Northernly, on land now or formerly of Stoddard, ninety-nine feet; Southeasterly, on land now or formerly of Almira Harris, one hundred and one and four-tenths (101.4) feet; Southeasterly, on land now or formerly of Daniel Galvin, ninety-nine feet; being the same premises conveyed to Thomas Matthews by deed from Julia C. Thompson, dated July 19th, 1915, and recorded in Volume 76, page 311, of Land Evidence of Newport.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, on the 19th day of May, A. D. 1923, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

2-21-4w

March 19, 1923.
For good and sufficient cause, the sale of the second parcel of land as above advertised is hereby adjourned to APRIL 19, 1923, at the same time and place as above advertised.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Mar. 21
Apr. 14

APRIL 19, 1923.
For good and sufficient cause the sale of the second parcel of land as above advertised is hereby adjourned to MAY 19, 1923, at the same time and place as above advertised.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

April 21
May 19

Probate Court of the City of Newport, May 3rd, 1923.

Estate of Robert S. Gash
ROBERT S. GASH, JR., Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Robert S. Gash, late of said Newport, deceased, presents his petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed, the expenses of his funeral, and of supporting his family, and settling his estate according to law; that said deceased, at the time of his death, was seized and possessed of all that certain parcel of land, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, and bounded and described as follows: Northernly on Main street, 50 feet; Southeasterly partly on land of Theresa Dillon, partly on land of Eva L. Burdick and partly on land of George R. Leach and others, 14 feet; Southeasterly on land of Elizabeth P. Bliss, 20 feet; and Northernly on land of the heirs or devisees of George H. Phipple, deceased, 14 feet. He said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described. Also all that certain lot of land with the buildings and improvements thereon situated in said Newport and bounded and described as follows: To wit: Northernly on Court, so called, formerly called Redwood Court, about 51 feet; Easternly on land of John Brerley, about 66 feet; Southernly on Vope street, about 51 feet; and Westernly on land of Jane Gash, about 55 feet. And further representing that by a sale of only so much of said real estate as is absolutely needed, the residue thereof would be so much injured as to render the sale of the whole estate more advantageous to those interested therein, and praying that he may be authorized to sell the whole of said estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the deficiency of the personal estate of said deceased, and said petition is referred to the twenty-first day of May instant, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

5-5

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Sheriff's Office, Newport, R. I., February 6th, A. D. 1923

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 3031, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 29th day of December, A. D. 1922, and returnable to the said Court June 29th, A. D. 1923, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 13th day of December, A. D. 1922, in favor of Israel Smith, plaintiff, and against Lodovino Bolani, wife of Darius Bolani, of Newport, defendant, I have this day at 25 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m. levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Lodovino Bolani, had on the 25th day of August, A. D. 1921, at 15 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ) in and to a certain lot or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:

Northernly on Broadway, 55 feet; Northernly on land of Julia E. King, 75 feet; Southeasterly, on land of the heirs of Elizabeth Pittman, 40 feet, and Southeasterly, on Cranston avenue, 75.55 feet. Be all of the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 14th day of May, A. D. 1923, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R. I., May 14, 1923.
For good and sufficient cause the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the fourth day of June, A. D. 1923, at the same hour and place as above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

May 14
June 4

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Do not burn or destroy OLD LETTERS, PERSONAL PAPERS or NEWSPAPERS.

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